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A Song of the Season.

Somebody who must be imbued with the influence of the theme carols:

Fading flowers whisper,
"Little ones, farewell!
Will you miss our faces
From the hill and dell?
Will you dream about us
In the wintry night,
When the silent snowflakes
Hide the earth from sight?"

This is pretty; in fact, it is very pretty, but then there is nothing strikingly original about it; the poet might just as well have sung:

The fading cabbage whispers
To the egg plant in the mead,
You will miss my features
Very soon indeed.
Will you dream about me,
When I come to grief,
And am utilized to garnish
A piece of corned beef?
—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

The Little Boot.

Dumpy, stubby and old,
The funniest little boot
With mended toe and flattened heel,
Ever worn by a little foot.
Within the children's room
The widowed mother stands,
Still smiling down with misty eyes
On a little boot in her hands.

Carefully laid away,
With a mother's yearning care,
Are toys with which the children played,
The clothes they used to wear.
With loving, longing heart
Her gaze is backward cast,
As she softly lifts the little boot
From the stillness of the past.

She sees a little boy
Thrust out his chubby foot,
And hears his happy laugh and shout
At sight of his first boot.
And trudging down the road,
Stubbing grass and leaves and roots,
She sees again the solid form
Of the little man in boots.
A conqueror that day,
He made the soft air ring;
Amid the shoeless lads at school
The boy in boots was king.

Oh, the stillness of the room
Where the children used to play!
Oh, the stillness of the empty house
Since the children went away!
Ah, I thus the mother life—
"To bear, and love, and lose!"
Till all the sad tale is told
In a pair of little shoes,
In a single broken toy,
A flower pressed to keep
All fragrant still the faded life
Of one who fell asleep.

The boy who wore the boot!
While his mother's eyes are dim,
Amid the world's unequal strife
How fareth it with him?
Are the feet of manhood strong
For manhood's sacred race.
His hand outstretched, securely calm,
To clasp its utmost grace?
With love her heart o'erflows,
With love her eyes are dim;
She softly wraps the little boot,
And sends it far to him.

Beside the twilight fire
The eyes of manhood scan
The ancient boot—the tar-out boy
Talks through it to the man.
The hard world's vexing road
The boy's foot never pressed;
The boy knew not of manhood's pain,
Nor felt its need of rest.

The man sees all things changed—
The earth, the heaven above;
One thing alone remains the same
To him—his mother's love.
The battered little boot
He takes as from her hand,
And seems all sweetest, purest things
Better to understand.

Dumpy, stubby and old,
The funniest little boot,
With mended toe and flattened heel,
Ever worn by a little foot!
Yet the boot is a hand to bind
The man to his innocent past;
To hold its faithful heart of hearts
To life's first love—and its last!
—*Mrs. Mary Clemmer.*

IN RATTLESNAKE GULCH.

We had finished the "digging" that day, washed all our dirt, added the last ounce of shining gold dust to the plump little bags that were buried in the corner of the cabin, and to-morrow we would leave Red Water Run forever.

The "spurt" had been a good one for Tom and me, but we were tired of the terrible loneliness of the place and the constant strain upon our ears for fear of the Utes, and so we had decided to cross the range, strike the trail, and join our old comrades at Poker Camp before the fall rains began. Two thousand dollars in glittering dust lay hidden in buckskin bags in our shanty, the result of seven weeks' digging, and for us it was a fortune.

Supper was over—a dozen of hard tack, a bit of jerked venison and a pot of tea—and with our cutty pipes, short and black, we sat at the door of the hut smoking, while the sunlight slowly disappeared from the tall peaks of the Sierras about us, and the gray shadows crept up the narrow gulch, silent and chill.

After a long pause, Tom took his pipe from his lips and spoke:

"Did ye see anything oncommon down the run this arternoon, Dick—any signs?"

"No," said I, slowly, "not that I recollect now. What was it—bear?"

"Wuss nor that."

"Injuns?"

"Wuss nor that,"

"Outlaws, then?"

"Correct. I figure it was Red Jim's gang. Ye know they've been workin' the stage route from Winnemucca to Silver Cliff, and now I reckon they're on their way back to the towns to squander their stealings. Sartin it is that a dozen mounted hosses crossed the run, just below the old sluice, sundown o' last night, for I saw the sign, nigh about noon, an' it war fresh."

"That's bad news," said I, soberly. "If those cut-throats knew that we were here, nothing would please them better than to roast us out, shoot us down and carry off the 'yellow.' It would be a hard ending to a two months' work."

"Ye're clus to right," returned the old miner, as he slowly refilled his pipe; "but they must catch us afore they shoot us, and find the gold afore they steal it. Now I don't reckon on either."

"Well, but how do you know—" I began, when he stopped me.

"I don't know, an' that's jest it. 'Better be sure nor sorry,' the Bible says, an' I propose to light out to-night. 'Twill be moon-up at eleven. We know the trail, an' ef we're gone an' they come, all right; ef we're gone an' they don't come, we're so much further on our journey by mornin'. What d'ye say?"

"Agreed!"

An hour later, with the gold divided and safely hidden in the buckskin belts about our bodies, our tools upon our shoulders and our rifles in our hands, Tom Blackburn and I looked for the last time at the dark shadow of our little cabin, as we mounted the ridge that lay to the westward.

"Good-bye, old shanty!" said Tom, waving his gun, "Tell any visitors that you may have that we're out for the evening and ax 'em to await our return. Good-bye!"

Our course was nearly due west, and for a time through a rolling country, thinly timbered and filled with little streams, so that we were able to travel rapidly; but shortly after the moon rose we struck some heavily-wooded ridges, rough and rocky, and our progress was necessarily slow. We did not talk much, but kept a bright lookout for both outlaws and Indians, and we marked our way by the stars that glimmered overhead.

The night was cool and still, the only sound which broke the silence being the grind of the gravel under our feet, or the occasional cry of some far-away wolf.

We had proceeded thus for perhaps four hours, and had covered a dozen miles or more, when we found ourselves at the entrance of a narrow canon, through whose dreary shadows our course lay. It was an "uncanny" place, and instinctively I loosened my knife in the sheath as we entered its yawning mouth, but old Tom tramped unconsciously on, and I must need follow. Deeper and deeper grew the darkness, the towering walls fairly threatening to meet overhead, while more and more rough grew the path beneath. At ength we were obliged to crawl from point to point, so thickly strewn with masses of rock was the uneven floor.

Suddenly a sharp turn opened before us the unexpected vision of a broad, park, covered with short grass, through which ran a little stream, and about which, sitting, standing and lying, were a dozen as rough-looking deperadoes as the border land could produce, while the whole scene was brilliantly illuminated by the light of a great fire which burned near the center of the glade.

We had fallen into the very trap we were seeking to avoid. This was the night camp of Red Jim's gang!

It was too late to retreat, for even as we looked, two or three of the men sprang to their feet, and, with weapons half raised, cried out to us, "Halt!" So, with a whisper, "We're busted miners; ask for shelter," Tom threw up his hands and shouted loudly:

"Friends!"

Then, with assumed boldness, we both entered the arena, and were at once surrounded by the scowling, dark-browed crew.

Tom told our story—broken-hearted prospectors trying to return to the mining camps over the range, and traveling at night for fear of the Indians. Would they give as supper and shelter?

A short consultation was held, Red Jim, a brawny ruffian, with a blood-colored mane of hair and beard, putting some close questions to us both; and at length, with not the best grace in the world, our request was granted, and we were told to draw up and help ourselves from the open provision pack upon the ground.

Hungry from our long walk, we needed no second invitation, and were soon eating and talking with those about us as familiarly as though horse-thieves and cut throats ourselves.

We dissembled fear, and made no attempt at private communication. Time for light-and-bye. We must disarm all suspicion, or our throats would be sore before morning.

The meal was nearly over, and I had just washed down my last bite of jerked venison with a draught of fiery whisky from the canteen of a hideous dwarf who sat near me, when Red Jim again approached us.

"What's ye'uns names?" said he.

"Mine is Baldwin—Hank Baldwin," said old Tom, quickly, "and this young 'un is Major Dick Smith. He was in the Russian war, and is green at this business; but I'm an old San Juan country miner, where I worked nine years afore I ever seed this cussed region."

The ruffian looked at him sharply for an instant, and then said:

"Hold out your left hand."

With sudden fear I saw Tom's face grow ashen pale, and almost imperceptibly his hand move toward his pistol-belt; then, recovering himself, he obeyed with a laugh.

"Thar it is, pard; what's left of it"—there were but two fingers and a thumb. "I crushed it in Hall's Gulch smelting-works in '72."

Red Jim leaned forward and examined the member carefully. Then his face became lurid, and his wolfish eyes gleamed.

"You lie, you dog! you never saw the San Juan country, and you lost those fingers when you led the soldiers to my hidden camp in Arizona! You lost the fingers and gave me this to remember you by," and he pointed to a long scar that ran across his forehead, "and I've never forgotten you. I've prayed to Satan these five years that I might meet you, and he's turned my friend at last! Seize him, boys!" he continued. "There's no tree handy, but in the morning we'll try throwing the knife. Seize him!"

In an instant my comrade was bound hand and foot, and made fast to an immense bolder. He made no signs of resistance; it would have been worse than useless, and I was motionless with terror.

"Red Jim," said Tom, and his voice was husky, "ye have got me and ye can do with me as ye please. "I'm not a half-breed nor a woman to cry at the whiz of a knife, but, for God's sake, let that young man go! He's an honest miner, and only knows me as such. He never saw me until last fall. Do not punish him for my score."

The chief turned to me.

"Does he lie?"

"I met Tom Blackburn last fall for the first time in my life. I only came from the East one year ago. I know him as a miner, and nothing else, and, as he said, we have been prospecting, are broke, and want to get back to the camps over the range. That's the whole truth as I know it."

For a moment there was a hesitency in the manner of my captor, and I trembled; then, with an oath he said:

"Let it go! I will believe ye, for ye look like an honest man, and they're sca'ce," and he grinned. "Ye're my guest until mornin', an' then ye can go on. "But," he added, with a horrible emphasis, "ye'll hev to travel alone!"

I thanked the brute with the best grace possible, and turned away. I passed my comrade, bound and silent, I dropped one word:

"Watch!"

The night dragged slowly on. One by one the road agents rolled themselves in their blankets and laid down to rest, and at last, having appointed a guard for his prisoner, Red Jim turned toward where his horse was tethered, there to sleep with the bridle about his arm until danger or daylight awoke him.

Then, last of all, I too threw myself upon the ground; but not to sleep. I must rescue Tom, for to leave him in the hands of these demons would be worse than murder. With watchful eye and ear, therefore, I waited and planned. One against a dozen—the odds were desperate, and yet I must save him.

An hour passed. But the skeleton of the fire remained—a few glowing embers—and from the sounds about me I knew that all except the guard were asleep.

This, if ever, was my time. Simulating a yawn, I slowly arose and stretched myself, then sauntered toward the spot where Tom lay. As I approached, his watchman turned toward me and placed his hand warningly upon his rifle. I smiled, and said in a low tone:

"Don't shoot, pard; I can't sleep, and thought I'd come an' talk a bit with you."

With a muttered reply he made room for me upon the log where he sat.

He was a huge fellow, with arms like a Hercules, and a thick-knit frame that promised enormous strength. His weapons—a rifle and heavy knife—were within easy reach, and his keen eye followed my every motion.

For a time I talked generally of the country, the game, mining, and other similar topics, drawing from him but few replies. At last I touched upon the matter nearest my heart, and with careful steps sounded him upon the question of bribery.

He seemed to take more interest in my words now; and at last, when I came to the point and plainly asked him if he would let Tom go if he was paid for it, he said "Yes."

My heart bounded within me.

"How much will you take?" said I "Speak quickly. And we must have horses, too."

"Morin ye've got, ye cussed green-horn," hissed the outlaw; "more'n ye've got! But I'll take the yellow all the same for safe keepin', and then turn ye over to the cap in the mornin'."

And, quicker than thought, his arms were about me, and I was borne struggling to the ground.

Although a much smaller man than my opponent, I was no child, and fought furiously; but he was too strong for me, and at last I lay before him breathless, one of his hands griping my throat, and the other grasping his heavy knife while his eyes gleamed with murderous rage.

For an instant we glared at each other, both panting and exhausted; then, bending closer, he whispered hoarsely:

"Whar's yer gold? Tell me, or I'll cut your heart out. Tell me without a sound, or I'll—thunder and turies!"

He half released his grasp, and, turning, struck at something upon the ground close at my side, with a horrible oath.

There was the flash of his knife, a sharp, metallic rattle, and then a little something shot like quivering lightning straight at his face, and two little drops of blood ran down his cheek. He was bitten by a rattlesnake!

The same instant the reptile drew his slimy body across my hand, and disappeared again in his hole among the rocks near by, from which our struggle had aroused him.

My captor breathed hard and turned deathly white.

"Whisky," said he, hoarsely. "I must have whisky or die."

He strove to rise, but it was my turn now. Wrapping my arms about him with an energy born of despair, I bound him to me. If I could but hold him until the poison had time to work, I could escape, and Tom with me.

It was horrible, but we struggled life for life, and I was the cooler man of the two now. His knife was broken—we could only fight with our hands, and all my enemy's efforts were to escape; but, with a strength which hope renewed, I resisted, and dragged him down again and again, until in his quivering muscles and relaxing hands, in his distended eyes and out-hanging tongue, I saw the venom was beginning to aid me. Then, redoubling my efforts, with an almost superhuman strength, I threw him at last to the ground, bound him with his own gaudy scarf, gagged him, and was free!

For a moment I was utterly exhausted; then, slowly recovering, I crept to where Tom lay, and with a few blows of my knife released him from the heavy cords which bound him. My old friend had been a silent witness of the entire battle, and had seen the snake and knew all. As he arose to his feet he grasped my hand, and nearly crushed it in his expression of joy; then, without a word, he pointed toward the pile of rock, not a dozen feet from where my antagonist lay.

I turned to look. From every hole and crevice, from every crack and corner, by twos and threes, single and in pairs, were crawling the most dreaded of mountain reptiles—rattlesnakes!

Tom leaned forward me and said:

"Yer fight aroused them, and they will kill every man here! We are in that place I've hearn tell of—Rattlesnake Gulch!"

Then, seizing my arm, he led me rapidly across the open glade, by the sleeping robbers, to the spot where the horses were hobbled. Selecting two we quickly muffled their hoofs, rode cautiously through the winding outlet until we reached the open country, and then, with a shake of the reins, dashed away at a headlong gallop. We were free!

Red Jim, the outlaw, was never seen again, but five years later a strange tale was brought in the mining camps on Red Water Run, of a lonely ravine in the mountains to the west, where twelve bleaching skeletons had been found.

The prospectors who discovered them would have sought further among the whitening bones for other relics of the lost party, but the canyon was so filled with rattlesnakes that it was not safe to remain there, and the simple finding of the remains is all that will ever be known.

Old Tom, however, said to me.

"Twelve outlaws—twelve skeletons! The rattlers caught them all!"

Electrical Jewelry.

Every one is more or less acquainted with the advances made in the use of electricity, particularly in the way of lighting and as a motive power, but few would ever have suspected that it was likely to be applied to purposes of personal adornment. Such, however, is the case, for M. Trouve has found the means of applying it in a most ingenious manner to certain articles of jewelry. The applications of it are comparatively unlimited, but a description of a few articles will suffice to give the reader an idea of this invention. Take first of all a breastpin consisting of a death's head enameled, with movable eyes of diamonds or rubies and the lower jaw articulated. At the pleasure of the wearer, by means to be described presently, it can be made to roll its eyes and chatter its gumless teeth. Another pin is surmounted by a small golden drum, on which is seated on its tail a little rabbit holding in its fore paws two drumsticks, with which it beats a tattoo when the electric current is applied. A third is an ornament for a lady's hair, consisting of a bird covered all over with diamond points, which on completing the circuit flutters its wings and produces a curious effect. One of these was made for the Princess de Metternich. But the curious part of the invention is the battery by which these objects are put in motion. Each of them is attached to an invisible wire, easily concealed in the garments or the hair, the other end of which is connected with a minute battery. This apparatus is not bigger than a pencil-case, and can be easily carried unseen in the waistcoat pocket. It consists of a tube hermetically sealed, containing in the upper half a pile composed of zinc and carbon inclosed in a case of hardened india rubber (ebonite). The zinc and the carbon only occupy the upper portion of the tube, the lower containing the exciting liquid. So long as the tube is kept in a perpendicular position the pile is not reached by the liquid, and consequently no action takes place; but the moment it is placed horizontally the acid acts on the pile and a circuit is established which sets the movable parts in action. Thus the wearer has only to vary the position of the tube to produce the motion or stop it at pleasure.

A Mouse that Danced and Sang.

About eighteen months ago the clerk in the drug store of Mr. McNary, in Hartford, began to whistle the lively tune of "Pop Goes the Weazel." While the clerk was whistling with all his might he saw a little mouse put his head out at a hole in the floor. The mouse was listening to the clerk's tune. Mr. Lind, for that was the clerk's name, was interested at once. He got a jews-harp and played on that until, by-and-bye, what should the mouse do but come out of the hole and nibble at Mr. Lind's shoe. Mr. McNary was introduced to Master Mouse, but Mr. McNary's music was not pleasing, as he thumped on a tin basin as though it were a drum, and so scared the little creature away. After a while the two men tried what is called a zithern, and the mouse was so much pleased that whenever they would play upon that instrument he would come up and dance around in delight. Before long the mouse learned to squeak in tune with the zithern, and last May it became known as "the singing mouse." At night it would sing for a half hou at a time, a local paper says, "almost with the sweetness and clearness of a canary." One day the morning was so raw and cold that the mouse tried to crawl under the furnace grate, but fai ed to find a cuddy hole, and soon after was found by Mr. McNary lying in the cellar dead.

He was justly accounted a skillful poisoner who destroyed his victims by bouquets of lovely and fragrant flowers. The art has not been lost; nay, it is practiced every day by—the world.

Forecasting the Weather.

Readers of "Quentin Durward" will readily remember the importance which Louis XI. of France is said to have attached to the warnings of his astrologer, but they may possibly have overlooked the exceptional instance in which common sense prevailed over superstition. The king—according to the story—had a mind to hunt one day, and, being doubtful of the weather, inquired of his astrologer whether it would be fair, the sage answered with confidence in the affirmative. At the entrance of the forest the royal cortege was met by a charcoal man, who expressed to some menials of the train his surprise that the king should have thought of hunting on a day when it threatened tempest. The collier's prediction proved true. The king and his court were driven from their sport well drenched, and Louis, having heard what the collier had said, ordered the man before him. "How are you more accurate in foretelling the weather, my friend," said he, "than this learned man?" "I am an ignorant man, sire," answered the collier, "was never at school, and cannot read or write; but I have an astrologer of my own, who shall foretell weather with any of them. It is, with reverence, the ass who carries my charcoal, who always, when bad weather is approaching, points forward his ears, walks more slowly than usual, and tries to rub himself against walls; and it was from these signs that I fo'old yesterday's storm." The king burst into a fit of laughing, dismissed the astrological biped, and assigned the collier a small pension to maintain the quadruped, swearing he would never in future trust to any other astrologer than the charcoal man's ass. Indications such as those here spoken of have been familiar to the country folk from the earliest times; for it is quite certain that the lower animals feel approaching changes of the weather in a way which we can very imperfectly understand. Still even among ourselves, there are many who are to some extent sensible to these changes, and the sensation is generally unpleasant. Old wounds are painful before rain; the head aches before thunder; or there is a feeling of uneasiness difficult to explain, but none the less real. So also with animals; they career wildly about the field in restless excitement, they scratch themselves in hedges, they rub themselves against the wall, or fly to man in his expression of joy; then, without a word, he pointed toward the pile of rock, not a dozen feet from where my antagonist lay.

Indians in Full Dress.

A White Earth Agency letter to the St. Paul (Minn.) *Pioneer-Press* says: The Indians at White Earth have, as a rule, thrown aside their blankets and adopted the garb of civilized life, a necessary step in their moral and material progress, though, in looking at the wonderfully picturesque costumes of the Indians from the distant reservation of Red Lake, one could not help feeling sorry that these dresses of strange barbaric splendor must soon be things of the past. Some of the younger bucks must have been engaged from early dawn in completing the elaborate toilets in which they appeared. One young chief, Hurricane, of Red Lake, was positively killing in a splendid otter skin war bonnet, ornamented with six eagles' feathers, symbols of a brave, at their tips tiny ribbon pennants to which were attached small ermine tips, symbols of a scalp. He had several of them on his bonnet, and a whole bunch hung on his pipe-stem; a bright streamer of cerise ribbon known, I think, by young ladies as a "kiss-me-quick," completed his headdress. He was highly rouged, and over each cheek had painted a square of delicate white and red stripes. A checked red shirt, black blanket, and richly beaded gaiters and moccasins, completed his very effective costume. This fine, handsome fellow has a remarkable history. He is said to have taken no less than fifty Sioux scalps. At the time of the massacre of 1862 he followed the Sioux who had killed most of the whites in his neighborhood, 200 miles up the country as far as Manitoba, killed and scalped him and his whole family, from the double motive of gratifying the whites with whom the Chippewas have always been friendly, and taking vengeance on his hereditary foe, the Sioux. Rouging and painting the face seems to be reduced to a fine art among the Chippewas. But the effect is, as a rule, hideous and grotesque. Here is a gentleman with one eye painted a brilliant blue; another with one dark blue square on each cheek, with white spots on the dark blue ground. I thought at first he had commenced with the intention of ornamenting himself with the stars and stripes, and had been compelled to leave out the stripes for want of room. One had his face painted bright brick-dust color, over one cheek a stripe of red, over the other one of dark blue with white spots. Another had painted bright red spots all over the face, giving the effect of some skin disease. A third had produced an extraordinary effect by a green coloring under his eyes. One old gentleman had painted in a complete blue beard. On the whole, the Red Lake Indians were a decided attraction, and afforded great amusement both by their costumes and their national colors.

Managing Bees by Electricity.

A correspondent of the *Deutsche Presse* describes a method which he has adopted with success of overcoming the obstacles frequently presented to the rearers of bees by the self-will of those interesting and profitable insects. This is no other than giving them an electric shock. Every one interested in bees knows the difficulties and dangers involved in hiving a swarm. One is often seen on a hot day in June in the top branches of a tree not to be climbed, and another in some inaccessible place seems to be preparing to set out on its wanderings. The beemaster ventures to approach, all his dexterity and experience will often not prevent him from being seriously stung. There are, indeed, several cases on record of death supervening from the sting inflicted on such occasions. Herr Freiwirth, the correspondent referred to, hit upon the idea of employing the electric force to stupefy the bees. Trials on large and small clusters, and even on single insects, answered perfectly; the bees coming in contact with the conducting wires fell stunned and motionless to the ground. They were then sorted and marked, according to the strength of the current applied. The time required for their recovery, varying from ten minutes to eight hours, was proportionate to the strength of the shock, but all came out of their trance safe and sound. Encouraged by the result of this experiment, Herr Freiwirth resolved to try it on a larger scale, namely, on bees in the hive. To this end he introduced the ends of two conducting wires into a fully occupied honeycomb and turned on the current for a moment; the bees soon lay on the ground, and it was half an hour before they resumed activity.

A French journal publishes an approximate calculation of the probable number of newspapers in the world as follows: America, 9,129; Asia, 387; Africa, 50; Europe, 13,625; of which latter, 2,509 are credited to England, 2,000 to France, 1,226 to Italy, 1,200 to Austria, 500 to Russia. The words of Lamartine, who said that "journalism would almost supersede and absorb all other literature before the close of the present century," will not fall far short of the actual truth.—*Exchange.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

A writer in the Galveston *News* expresses the opinion that a river of petroleum is flowing through the subterranean cavities of Texas. It takes its rise in the carboniferous strata north of the Colorado river, and may be traced at various points on its course to the Gulf of Mexico by oil appearing on the surface of the springs, streams and lakes, while at what is known as Oil bay, on the gulf, the water is so covered with oil that the waves have no effect.

California has other phenomenal riflemen besides Dr. Carver. Charles Emach, a young man in Sacramento, considers it a not extraordinary feat to hit ninety-eight out of 100 small apples thrown into the air, and John Ruth, of Oakland, is about to depart for Australia to give exhibitions of his skill. Among his feats with the rifle is that of shooting a cigar from the mouth of his assistant, with the rifle held upside down on top of his head, and with a mirror to take sight in as he stands with his back to the mark.

Miss Minnie F. Austin, for many years teacher in Chicago and San Francisco high schools, also principal of Clarke Institute in San Francisco, from failing health turned her attention to an out-door life. She now owns a fruit farm of eighty acres in Fresno, Cal., and last spring set in the ground, by the aid of one man, over 600 fruit trees. Miss A. conducts her farm with as much system as she did her school. She has twenty-eight acres of the best raisin-grapes, from which the yield will be between thirty and fifty tons of fruit; about 300 apricot trees, 100 nectarines, 400 figs, 400 prunes, and all ordinary fruit trees. She has this year nearly two tons of peaches alone, which she has dried for the market.

A party in Illinois recently applied to the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington for the redemption of five coupons of United States bonds representing several thousand dollars. The applicant alleged that for safe keeping he had placed the coupons in a tin box and deposited them in a stovepipe; that subsequently a fire was built in the stove and the coupons destroyed. The ashes, however, were retained in the box and were presented with the application for redemption. The matter was referred to First Comptroller Porter for his decision. A scientific examination satisfactorily proved that the contents of the box were the remains of coupons, as alleged. The decision given in the case is quite important from the fact that it holds that the statute authorizing the redemption of called bonds, where clear and unequivocal evidence has been furnished that they have been destroyed, does not apply to coupons which at the time of the alleged destruction thereof have been detached from the bonds. The coupons in question having been detached from the bonds, cannot therefore be redeemed.

The Growth of the Republic.

The next federal census, to be taken in June, 1880, will, it is estimated, show a population of about 48,500,000 for all the States and Territories. This calculation is based on the increase noted between 1870 (the date of the last federal census) and 1875, when a large number of the States made enumerations of their own. Assuming that the ratio of increase in the States and Territories in which no census had been taken since 1870, is not less than reported over the same area in the preceding decade, we are warranted in accepting the above estimate for 1880. This would give a gain of about 10,000,000 on the census returns of 1870, an average of 1,000,000 souls a year. Much of the intervening time having been a period of great prostration in all branches of trade and emigration being thereby discouraged, the result, if verified, will be gratifying to the patriotism and pride of Americans. It will put the United States in point of population at the head of every nation in christendom except Russia. The latest official statistics from those countries of Europe with which we have been running the race in this respect are as follows: Great Britain and Ireland (1870), 31,628,338; France (1876), 36,905,788; Austro-Hungary (1876), 37,350,000; Germany (1875), 42,727,659. The latter is the only country which we did not outstrip in the census of 1870. Since then Germany has gained about 1,500,000 by the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. The ratio of increase from natural causes exhibited in her previous census returns was much lower than that shown in the United States, and it is not probable that, in the last five years, she has gained enough population to put her neck and neck with the great republic in 1880. The estimated population of Great Britain and Ireland in 1878, made on the basis of the actual registration of births and deaths, was officially given at 33,881,966, so that we are not likely ever to be overshadowed by our English cousins.

Grand as is this prospective exhibit, our exultation is checked a moment when we think how much more striking it would have been but for the civil war. The effort of that war in retarding the increase of population it is impossible to calculate.

With peace assured at home and abroad, there seems hardly any limit to the future growth of the republic in population.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

The Drink Difficulty.

Drink has always been a difficulty. In all ages individuals have made great mistakes as to the quantity of intoxicating liquor which it was beneficial for them to consume. Intoxication is a species of poisoning, inasmuch as alcohol is a brain poison; and at first sight it seems strange that any one should wish, even temporarily, to damage that glorious power which is the sole distinction between the human animal and the beasts which perish. But there are some obvious explanations of this apparent anomaly. First of all, alcoholic drinks are to many very delicious beverages.

A Quaker was once sitting in a public house, when a man came in blowing his fingers, and said, "Give me a glass of brandy—I am so cold;" one speedily followed who had been running hard, and he called out, "Bring me a glass of brandy—I am so hot!" Then said the Quaker quietly from his corner, "Bring me a glass of brandy because I like it." He spoke the truth. Would not the great bulk of those who talk about health, fashion, etc., say the same thing if they spoke from their hearts? Then there is so much misery in the world that it is easy enough to understand Byron's lines:

"Man is a reasonable being,
Therefore he gets drunk."

But the poets have much of responsibility in this matter' "Bowl" rhymes with "soul." Many of our most beautiful songs are drinking songs, and somehow or other it has come to pass that although drunkenness is now pretty generally condemned "from the teeth onward" as Carlyle has it, yet drinking is still looked upon as a delightful and honorable exercise for rational beings.

But no excess. Oh, no. No one favors excess, but though no one favors excess it is admitted on all hands that, as a nation, we do exceed, and that $140,000,000 per annum is far too much to be spent on brain poison by the people of the United Kingdom. If drink were merely a harmless luxury, the above would be a startling national expenditure; but when we reflect that the consumption of this drink is, by the almost unanimous testimony of our judges, police, prison and poor-law authorities, and all those in a position to know the habits of the people, pronounced to be the main cause of crime and pauperism, it becomes truly alarming.—*Nineteenth Century.*

A WONDERFUL OPERATION.

How Nourishment was Introduced into a Little Girl's Stomach.

San Antonio, Texas, contains a wonder, the like of which cannot be found in the United States. It is nothing more nor less than a child, seven years old, that instead of masticating and swallowing its food in the usual manner, is fed through an aperture in the stomach made for that purpose. The child is gaining strength, can walk and play, and bids fair to soon be as stout and healthy as any other child. The facts are as follows: About two years ago Mr. S. T. Lumley, at this time living in Pennsylvania, had the misfortune to have his daughter Jessie drink a solution of lye, which a colored woman had carelessly left on the table. A large quantity of the corrosive liquid was swallowed. Death is the certain results in such cases. The lye destroyed the mucous membrane, and a stricture of the œsophagus is formed, which means that the throat, or at least the channel through which the food goes into the stomach, is drawn together or contracted to such a degree that only liquids, and not much of them, can pass through.

Such was the condition of the little girl Jessie Lumley when she was brought to San Antonio for treatment. The child was very much imaciated, could not swallow even liquid food for days at a time. As it was the only possible chance she had for life, her parents consented that the operation of making an opening in the stomach should be attempted. The operation has been performed in England, but this is believed to be the first time it has been attempted in the United States. An incision four inches long was made a few inches to the left of the pit of the stomach, at the beginning of the short ribs, much stitching being required. Through this incision the stomach is reached. The next part of the operation requires the most delicate handling imaginable. It consists of sewing the stomach to the walls of the abdomen, but great care must be taken not to penetrate the stomach itself. The needle and stitches only penetrate the skin of the stomach. The result is that the stomach, as the wound gradually heals, grows to the wall of the abdomen.

The patient was put under the influence of chloroform and the operation successfully performed. Unfortunately, the child had an attack of chills and ever, which had to be cured, which gave it a set back. The operation described took place a few weeks ago. The stomach had grown on the sides of the abdomen, and in two weeks the operation of making incision in the stomach, through which the food was to pass, was performed, and twice a day thereafter a beefsteak, cut up fine, has been passed with the forceps into the stomach, and the child is steadily gaining strength.

The writer visited the child, in company with Dr. Herff, and saw it fed. We waited in front of a small, one-story house, which we entered. A little girl, with light hair and blue eyes, was sitting up in bed surrounded by playthings. Her mother, a young woman of thirty years of age, was busy in the room.

"Don't you want your supper, Jessie?" said the doctor. "I want steak. I don't want any bread, 'cos it hurts," said the little girl, whose thin features and pale complexion showed the result of her long fast.

The mother brought in a rare beefsteak, which the doctor proceeded to cut up in small pieces, crumbling up some bread at the same time. The food being prepared, the child lay back on the bed, and the opening in the side was exposed, it was only an inch in length, and presented the appearance of a badly healed cut. It was a little inflamed. A piece of beef and a piece of bread one piece after another and carefully introduce it with the forceps into the stomach, until the plate was nearly empty. The child complains a little at times, but did not appear to suffer any. She finally said "my stomach is full," and, as there was no more steak, the doctor desisted. Finally some cotton was placed in the opening, a bandage put on, and she sat up and was soon fondling her playthings.

No particle of solid food had passed through the child's throat since the accident. A grain of rice nearly strangles her. Milk is also injected into the stomach through the opening. The only possible danger is from the wound closing up, hence it is kept open with cotton. At first a plug of expansive sponge was used. There is no reason why the child should not become stout and healthy. The food digests readily, just the same as if chewed and swallowed. To the inquiry if this mode of taking nourishment would have to be kept up through life, no definite answer was given, as it depends on the possibility of reducing the stricture of the throat.

The Highest House in the World.

A coctor writes to the New York *Sun* the following letter: "In your issue of the *Sun*, on the 15th, there is a paragraph which states 'that the highest inhabited house in the world is believed to be the one erected for the miners employed on Mount Lincoln, in the main range of the Rocky mountains, Park county, Col. It is 14,157 feet above sea level.' I would respectfully call your attention to the fact that there is on the Callao, Lima and Oroya railroad, Peru, ninety-four miles from Lima, on the summit of the Andes, a small town called Galera, or as the Peruvians style it, "tunel de la Cima." This place is situated on the western slope of the dividing range of the great Andean chain, 15,645 feet above the line of perpetual snow. It was founded in 1872 by an engineering corps of the Oroya railroad, represented by Martin Van Brocklin, now superintendent of the Metropolitan elevated railroad, New York; his brother, Herman Van Brocklin, and H. J. Tobias of Illinois. It derives its name from a tunnel or gallery which is being bored through the summit from the Oroya railroad, and is 1,173 metres, or 3,847 feet in length. I make this statement from personal knowledge, having been in the employ of Henry Meiggs, and compelled to live at that place for a period of ten months. These facts are given from actual measurement, taken from the records of the chief engineer at that time.

A Menagerie Lion at Large.

W. W. Cole's circus was in Defiance, Ohio, recently, and at night, about ten o'clock, just after they had got the animals loaded on the cars and the train started, and as they were passing the coal shutes one of the ropes from the shutes caught in one of the cages and brought down the apron that lets down the coal, which struck the cage containing two lions, throwing it off the train, opening the door of the cage and letting out the lions. The small one was got back at once, but the large one ran off down the track, passing several men at a distance of about thirty rods to a barn, where he spied a door open. The door was double, and the bottom was closed, the top part being open. He bounded over like a kitten and grasped a cow by the nose, and in two minutes had sucked her blood and the cow was dead, the lion going into the other part of the barn and lying down. His master came, and leaving several men outside, went up in the loft and came down where the lion was. After talking to the lion some time he laid down by him and played with him, and after two hours' work succeeded in getting the lion back into the cage, which was brought to the door.

Whoever has sixpence is sovereign over all men—to the extent of the sixpence: commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him—to the extent of sixpence.

Max Adeler on Burglars.

Of late several burglaries have been committed in the neighborhood in which Mr. James Simpson lives, and, of course, the folks are not a little alarmed. In Simpson's row alone enough fire-arms and ammunition have been collected to conduct a very fair-sized war with Mexico, and Simpson, particularly, has bought a whole armory of weapons and loaded them to the muzzle. Simpson's brother-in-law, George Washington Budd, commonly known as "Wash," lives with him, and for weeks past Wash, upon going to bed, has made such a preparation and display of various kinds of engines of destruction that a looker-on might have concluded that his purpose was to conduct a kind of battle of Gettysburg on his own responsibility.

The other night Wash, after recapping all his revolvers, running his thumb along the edge of his broad-sword, half cocking his gun and laying his bowie-knife on the chair, thought he heard a burglar prowling about down stairs. Buckling on his artillery, Wash, in his stocking-feet, crept down the back stair-case, determined to annihilate the thief.

Simpson heard the noise at the same moment. They stopped and listened. Wash thought he heard the burglar in the parlor. Simpson felt sure the rascal was in the dining-room pocketing the spoons. So, while Wash trod noiselessly frontwards, Simpson stepped stealthily to the rear. Midway in the hall they came into collision. Each felt perfectly certain that the other was the burglar.

Wash grappled with his antagonist instantly. Simpson knew that a death-struggle had begun, so he took hold with all his might. Neither had a chance to draw their weapons.

Wash strove to throw the burglar down, and Simpson, perceiving the game, made a huge effort to prostrate Wash. They pushed and pulled, and jerked and shoved, and panted, bumping up against the wall and making such a hubbub that Mrs. Simpson, in her room and afraid to come out, lifted up her voice and screamed with vehemence.

After a fearful and desperate struggle, during which Wash had his coat torn to rags and a couple of handfuls of hair pulled out, and Simpson had his nose jammed against a chair until it felt as if it had swelled to the size of a watermelon, Wash let go a moment to get his breath. Thereupon Simpson made a run for the front stairs quietly in the dark, and Wash, pretty well scared and tired of war, dashed off up the back stairs, resolved to go and see why Simpson didn't come down and help wipe the burglar out.

As Simpson got to the landing he saw Wash's form by the dim light from the back room in the entry.

"Who's that?" shouted Simpson, nervously, feeling for his revolver.

"Me—Wash," replied the brother-in-law.

Simpson went up to him and said:

"Thunder and lightning, Wash! Why didn't you come down sooner?"

"Sooner! Why, where have you been? I've had the most awful time you ever heard of."

"So've I," replied Simpson. "There's a burglar in the house, and I've been tearing him to pieces."

"You don't say so! Why, my gracious! I've had a fight with one, too, and I think I laid him out."

"You did? Where?"

"Why, down stairs, there, in the front entry."

"Not in the entry, you don't mean?"

"Yes," said Wash, "in the entry; nearly banged the head off of him. Where was your man?"

"Why, in the entry, too. Queer I didn't hear you?"

"It is queer," replied Wash; "because I hammered his nose against a chair until it must be mashed flat."

"Whose nose?"

"The burglar's; and he tore my coat to rags and pretty near scalped me."

"Who did?"

"The burglar."

Simpson was silent for a moment and then he said:

"Come here to the light."

They entered the bath-room

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

:o:

CENTRE HALL, Pa., Oct. 30, 1879.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR STATE TREASURER.
DANIEL O. BARR, of Allegheny.
Democratic County Ticket.

Jury Commissioner.
JOHN SHANNON.

Coroner.
DR. JOSEPH ADAMS.

Democrats, this is the last appeal—go to the polls on 4 Nov. and vote for that honest man D. O. Barr, and break the old Treasury Ring.

In this issue of the REPORTER we publish some important letters from Edwin M. Stanton to President Buchanan at the outbreak of the late war. Mr. Stanton was Lincoln's great war minister and his letters are a strong and direct vindication of Buchanan's administration, which has been so shamefully misrepresented by the opposite party. We ask for these letters a careful perusal from every republican and democrat.

If the people of Pennsylvania are alive to their own interests they will elect Daniel O. Barr their State Treasurer as a check upon ring rule at Harrisburg. All parties in power are none the worse for watching; and the previous record of unbroken Republican power at the State capital shows that a Democratic watchdog at the Treasury has saved and would continue to save a good many thousand dollars of the people's money from being abstracted in the shape of "divy's" among party "roosters." So says the "Spirit of Berks," and we trust every democrat on Tuesday 4th will do his duty.

Is there a printer in any county in the state who would consider it honorable, if the printer of the opposite party would offer to print the tickets for the other party for nothing?"

This question is asked by the Selins grove *Times*. We answer No, it is dishonorable and mean, but what is meaner yet, is to have a candidate who was elected to a good office be so illiberal as to *refuse* to pay his party paper for election services and tickets. We have found only two such, however, in 30 years in Centre county.

Now what do you think of *such* fellows

Let every democrat go to the polls on Tuesday 4. The Pottsville Ev. Chronicle says:

Mr. Barr is a gentleman who has been identified with the management of financial matters during his entire business life and his reputation for strict integrity and pluck among his immediate neighbors is a guarantee that the financial affairs of the Commonwealth will be in safer hands when placed in his keeping than if they should be committed to the candidate of the Treasury Ring who are making a desperate effort to reinstate themselves in power and plunder at Harrisburg.

A horrible outrage by negroes upon a family of white persons, shooting of the husband and outraging the wife, is telegraphed from Mississippi. Wonder whether the *Tribune* and its radical imitators in this state, will raise a howl over this. Here, gentlemen of the radical press is a rare opportunity to yelp a la Yazoo, it is a subject that can last you for a month, and furnish a theme for column after column.

Now lets hear a help from the Lewistown *Gazette*, Lewisburg *Chronicle*, Bellefonte *Republican*, Mifflinburg *Telegraph* and other Yazoo shriekers.

The official returns of the Ohio election show a majority of 17,129 for Foster over Ewing, and a majority for Foster over all of 3,855. The Greenback candidate received 9,129 votes and the Prohibitionists 4,145. The majority for Gen. Hickenlooper (rep.) over Gen. Rice (dem,) is 15,678. The total vote for governor was 668,667.

It has been decided by the Reading school board that to get good teachers the pay must be adequate, and so they have raised the pay of all teachers 10 per cent.

Good teachers should be paid good wages, and poor teachers poor wages—there is a distinction which all boards should observe.

A little singular that the third termers want Grant because he served in the war, and reject Gen. Ewing who served gallantly all through the war and lost a leg besides. How queer.

The temperance women are on the rampage again in Ohio. At Fredericktown, on 25. Thirteen women marched to Kelly's saloon and beat in the door and windows with hatchets, and destroyed everything within, including several barrels of liquors and beer, cases, casks, bottles, jugs, demijohns, counters, stove and all the fixtures. The building is a total wreck. O'Conner's saloon was also visited and all the liquor destroyed. Drug stores were notified to remove their liquors before Monday or they would be treated like the others. The women will be arrested on Monday. They have a strong money backing. Great excitement prevails.

Had this mob violence occurred in a southern state, there would be another howl over southern outrages, but as it happened in radical Ohio it must be all right.

The Belknaps, Beechers, Conklings, Kembles, Quays, Camerons and a host of other prominent disreputable characters wish the republicans to carry Pennsylvania on Tuesday—will you join their company? Is it the party for a professed Christian? No, no! Go to the polls then and vote for that man of stainless character, D. O. Barr.

A FRAUD.

A forged and frandulent letter, purporting to come from Mr. Barr's friends, and mailed in a package from Huntingdon, appealing for support on religious grounds, is being published in the Republican papers. It is hardly worth while to deny the charge—to sensible people, but lest some may imagine there is a grain of truth in it—Mr. D. O. Barr authorizes its prompt denial. He is running as a Democrat, as a citizen who ees competent to discharge the duties of the office of State Treasurer. No appeal has gone from him, or by his knowledge or consent, to any one on account of their particular belief in anything except the Democratic party.

Democrats go to the polls on Tuesday, 4, and give Barr a rousing majority in old Centre.

The rains have damaged the cotton crops in Alabama.

Since the Democratic party is in power in the House and Senate unjust appropriations have been lopped off, and about 100 million dollars saved. On Tuesday, 4, vote for Barr and show that you approve Democratic economy. Don't stay away from the polls.

THE SCRATCHERS IN NEW YORK.

The Conkling-Cornell party in New York is troubled by "scratchers" in its own party. A horse will get the scratches by standing in his own filth from the negligence of his groom, and this is what the republicans of New York are now troubled with—they have been wallowing in Conklingism so long that it has brought them the scratches. The New York Ev. Post, a radical sheet, thus speaks of this matter:

The Independent Republicans have now a list of Republican "scratchers" which they say warrants them in asserting that Cornell and Soule will lose at least ten thousand Republican votes in this city and Brooklyn. They distributed last night at the entrance of Cooper Institute two thousand pamphlets of sixteen pages each, containing most of the separate documents which have been issued. Mr. Evarts himself was given one of the pamphlets as he left his carriage to enter the hall, and the Young Republicans cite gleefully the fact that almost every pamphlet, instead of being thrown on the floor, was put away in the pockets of the people present, and will be read in due season. After the meeting a number of Republicans visited the headquarters on Union Square to say that they had read the pamphlet, and desired to aid in the Young Republican movement. A day or two before the meeting the Executive Committee of the Independent Republicans addressed a letter to Mr. Evarts asking him to tell specifically the grounds on which he advocated the election to the responsible office of Governor of a man whom the Administration itself had turned out of office for his incompetency, and they point to Mr. Evart's scant words for Mr. Cornell last night, as a justification of "scratching." The Independent Republicans say that the call for their documents and for the "scratched" tickets from the interior of the State is increasing daily, and, although they are sending out thousands of documents every day, the demand is greater than the supply, and their resources are already overtaxed.

DEMOCRACY IN OHIO.

Anybody who imagines the Democratic party is on the decline in Ohio should cast his eye over these figures, giving the total Democratic vote at each election for the last eight year:

1872—President.	245,484
1873—Governor.	214,654
1874—Secretary of State.	238,406
1875—Governor.	292,273
1876—President.	323,182
1877—Governor.	271,625
1878—Secretary of State.	270,966
1879—Governor.	319,132

No wonder that in view of this splendid record of voting power—not always successful, but never dismayed—the Cincinnati Commercial, the leading journal of the Ohio Republicans, is forced to these admissions:

We are never more impressed with the wonderful vitality and rugged power of the Democratic party than in the days of its defeat. The surprise is not in the election of Tuesday last that the Democrats, burdened as they were, suffered defeat, but that they were able to exhibit such strength and resolution. Surely there never was more unkindness shown a party in preparing it for combat. The issues were awful, yet under these circumstances—such that it ought to be a matter of surprise that there is a Democratic vote to each Ohio township—the old party comes out grim as an army of veterans, and fights to the bitter end, in the spirit of the soldiers of Russia, of whom it is said it is not sufficient to kill them, they must be knocked down after they are dead. No, we are able to rejoice that this surprising host was discomfited—beaten a few per cent. in a prodigious vote, and we know that under the gloom of their defeat there may be disappointment and resentment, but never discouragement. On the next occasion they will turn out again with full ranks.

Most assuredly they will turn out again next year with full ranks, and with the expectation of winning. The Republican majority on the total vote is less than three quarters of one per cent. and the plurality over Ewing less than three per cent.

A NORTHERN OUTRAGE.

In another column we print the shooting of a son and daughter by a father and then his own suicide. This horrible affair occurred in Bloomington, Ill., a radical state, and had it happened in the south would have been paraded in large letters by the hypocritical radical press of the north, as another proof of depravity of the southern people, and then every body in the north asked to vote the radical ticket. But no democratic paper will attempt to make party capital out of this horrible Illinois affair, because that would be following the brutal example of the depraved radical press of the north, which is filled with slime and filth against the southern people, with the endeavor to engender hate and passion between the sections of our country, where their work should be to establish peace and good will. There are ten murders in the north to one in the south and no one but a fool would expect the south to be free from crime any more than any other section of the country can be free from it.

GOOD READING FOR BLAINE.

From a Speech by Ex-Gov. Chamberlain of Maine.

"There are some who will not have it that the war is over till they have their way. From much of the talk of late one would think that all the toil and trial of the war was in vain; that these soldiers and sailors of yours did nothing of lasting value, and that glorious war and God given victory must count for naught, and that the real way to save the country is to keep certain politicians in office, and that servile following of them is the only test of loyalty to the Union. For one I resent this perversion of our motives and this belittling of our achievements. I am indignant at this insult to the memory of that great company of noble souls who are martyrs in a sacred cause and a triumphant cause. Do not mistake the issue. Your sons will not have died in vain because the rebellious states are brought back into the Union, and send their best men to represent them in congress, even though they had the courage to wield the sword instead of the pen in the time of moral struggle. Men who freely poured out their heart's blood for their convictions, though wrong, are less to be feared than they who skulk in the rear and gloat over the strife so long as they can fill their pockets with plunder, snatched alike from foe or friend."

This is pretty sound from a republican.

OPPOSITION TO CORNELL IN BUFFALO.

A gentleman from Buffalo, a prominent Republican, says that an organization has been formed in that city which is to extend its work throughout the State for the purpose of opposing Mr. Cornell for Governor. The organization is composed of disaffected Republicans who are determined that Mr. Conkling's dictatorship shall end. In the ward in which this gentleman lives 160 names were subscribed to a paper drawn up in accordance with the purpose of the organization. A friend of Mr. Conkling's who came here yesterday, says that the Republicans do not expect that Mr. Kelly can secure more than 20,000.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE IN THE NORTH.

PRISONERS FED ON DOG AND GLANDERED HORSE MEAT.

For the northern shriekers and manufacturers of political capital out of every little crime in the south, we give the following horrible dose from radical Wisconsin. It needs no comment:

Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 22.—The Sentinel to-morrow will contain an account of horrible atrocities in the Milwaukee House of Correction. This institution is used at the discretion of the Court as a State prison. An intelligent convict just released, who se character for veracity is vouched for by persons who know him intimately, says that he has been an inmate for two years. All that time he was not allowed to write to his counsel, friends, or family, who supposed him dead. He says the bread furnished to the convicts is made from damaged cow feed, and cannot be baked, and that this stuff is paid for by the county at the rate of $6 per barrel. During his confinement embryo calves, dogs, and glandered horses have been furnished as meat and he brings the bones which are now in the possession of the editor of the Sentinel, to prove it. Of the brutalities of the keepers he says the prisoners were beaten and confined in the black hole, which is a filthy dog kennel of five feet. A man cannot lie at length in this kennel, nor is there any ventilation to it. The floor is covered with indescribable filth. Men are placed there for twenty days at a time, and two, to his knowledge have died from the effects. There is a chair factory connected with the institution, and it is charged that the police are in collusion with the Superintendent to kidnap men to work at chairmaking. The whole story is the most startling and revolting ever published in this country, and it is claimed that the charges can all be verified.

A Democratic congress has saved the nation an average of 25 million dollars during the last 4 years. On Tuesday, next, vote for Barr, and prevent Butler, the candidate of Cameron, Quay and Kemble, from plundering the State Treasury—Butler represents the well known old ring of thieves, bad as the Tweed ring of New York.

Jacob Reese, of Pittsburg, Pa., alleges that he is able to melt a bar of cast steel instantly without fire, simply by exposing it to a column of air having a velocity of 25,000 feet a minute. The instant the air touches the metal, he asserts, fusion takes place. The same operation, using the highest attainable furnace heat, could not be performed in less than five minutes. He also declares that by a recent discovery which he has made he can anneal bars of iron or steel at the rate of one foot per second, thus increasing the ductility of the metal 100 per cent. without the use of other fuel than that contained in the metal itself. To use his own words, he simply unlocks the latent heat, which "becomes sensible and enlarges the metal, and by the method of doing this the enlargement is made permanent, that is, it does not contract to its original limit." Admitting the apparent absurdity of annealing and fusing iron and steel in a second of time, he nevertheless asserts it to be a fact, and that the operation has been reduced to practical utility in the arts.

Gen. James Burns died at Lewistown on Sunday.

The price of coal the coming winter is likely to be such as to make late sparking a costly luxury, where there are large families of attractive daughters. Young men of good principles should take knowledge of the fact, and talk business. Remember, life is short and fuel costly.

Chester, Pa., October 21.—A. H. Wheaton, ex-taxcollector, has been charged by the city council with embezzlement and the solicitor is ordered to proceed against him to recover the amount.

Kidney Diseases. Kidney diseases afflict the greater part of the human race, and they are constantly on the increase; but where the virtues of Kidney-Wort have become known, they are held in check and speedily cured. Let those who have had to constantly dose spirits of nitre and such stuff, give this great remedy a trial and be cured.

A plow boy at Orkney, in Scotland, recently picked from the furrow two gold rings, which are declared to be a thousand years old and very curious and valuable as antiquities.

New York, October 20.—The suit of Henry Hoffman and infant against the New Jersey Central and Hudson River railroad company to recover $25,000 damages, was tried last week, in the supreme court before Judge Sedgwick. The infant lost his right leg in 1869 by being shoved off one of the company's cars at Fortieth street and 110th avenue while stealing a ride, the car passing over his leg after he fell. The jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiff for $5,000.

Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten.—Mothers should never forget that the sufferings of their little ones can easily be overcome by the use of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup.

This October was the hottest in 50 years.

The greenback party in Ohio has got down to 8000 votes.

Let a farmer divide his white winter butter into two lots, while yet in the form of milk, and for one, make use of Perfected Butter Color, sold by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., while the other goes to market without color treatment and he will discover on what course his interest depends.

Memphis, Tenn., October 20.—Police Officer, T. D. Jackson (colored) this morning shot and killed Green Smith (colored), a chicken thief, who resisted arrest and attempted to stab the officer.

Chester county at last has secured a female tax collector. The county treasurer appointed Mrs. James Horton, of Atglen, tax collector of the delinquent taxes of that borough for the year, 1879. The appointment was asked for by quite a number of the people of Atglen, as Mrs. Horton is a good business woman and can very readily perform the duties.

Functional disorganization of the Liver is a most powerful and common cause of melancholy. Dr. Ball's Baltimore Pills invariably give tone to the Liver and promote its healthful action.

The year 1881 will be a mathematical curiosity. From left to right and from right to left it reads the same; 18 divided by 2 gives 9 as a quotent; 81 divided by 9 and 9 is the quotient. If 1881 is divided by 209, 9 is the quotient; if divided by 9, the quotient contains a 9; if multiplied by 9, the product contains two 9s. One and 3 are 9; 8 and 1 are 9. If the 18 be placed under the 81 and added, the sum is 99. If the figures be added thus, 1, 8, 8, 1, it will give 18. Reading from left to right is 18, and reading from right to left is 18, and 18 is two-ninths of 81. By adding, dividing and multiplying nineteen 9s are produced, being one 9 for each year required to complete the century.

The Office of the Kidneys. The Kidneys are nature's sluice-way to wash out the debris of our constantly changing bodies. If they do not work properly the trouble is felt everywhere. Then be wise and as soon as you see signs of disorder get a package of Kidney-Wort and take it faithfully. It will clean the sluice-way of sand, gravel or slime, and purify the whole system.

Democrats, to the Election on Tuesday.

EDWIN M. STANTON IN 1861.

SOME SENSATIONAL LETTERS HE WROTE TO EX-PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.

He Predicts McClellan's Failure Through "Cabinet Intrigues and Republican Interference."

[We give below such extracts as we have room for from the very sensational letters of Edwin M. Stanton to ex-President Buchanan, printed for the first time in the North American Review for November. The editor of the Review, in printing them says:—"These letters were handed to the editor for publication by a distinguished gentleman, who desires that his name may not for the present be made known, and into whose possession they came indirectly from a collection of private papers left by the late President Buchanan. Of their authenticity no more doubt can be entertained than of the importance of the light which they throw upon that twilight period just preceding the outbreak of the civil war, about which so little has ever been definitely and accurately known, and the interest of which grows with every passing day and month and year."]

WASHINGTON, April 3, 1861.

DEAR SIR: Although a considerable period has elapsed since the date of my last letter to you nothing has transpired here of interest but what is fully detailed in the newspapers. Mr. Toucey left here last week. Judge Black is still in the city. General Dix made a short visit at the request of the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Holt, I think, is still here, but I have not seen him for several days. You of course saw Thompson's answer and Mr. Holt's reply. I have not had any intercourse with any of the present Cabinet, except a few brief interviews with Mr. Bates, the Attorney-General, on business connected with his department. Mr. Lincoln I have not seen. He is said to be very much broken down with the pressure that is upon him in respect to appointments.

The policy of the Administration in respect to the seceding States remains in obscurity. There has been a rumor for the last two or three days that, notwithstanding all that has been said, there will be an effort to reinforce Fort Sumter. But I do not believe a word of it. The special messenger, Colonel Lamon, told me that he was satisfied it could not be done.

The new loan has been bid for at better rates than I anticipated, and I perceive General Dix was one of the largest bidders at the highest rates. The new tariff bill seems to give the Administration great trouble; and luckily it is a measure of their own? The first month of the Administration seems to have furnished an ample vindication of your policy, and to have rendered all occasion of other defense needless. The rumors from Richmond are very threatening; secession is rapidly gaining strength there. Hoping that you are in the enjoyment of good health and happiness, I remain as ever, yours,

EDWIN M. STANTON.

WASHINGTON, April 12, 1861.

DEAR SIR: We have the war upon us. The telegraphic news of this morning you will have seen before this reaches you. The impression here is held by many.

1. That the effort to reinforce will be a failure.

2. That in less than twenty-four hours from this time Anderson will have surrendered.

3. That in less than thirty days Davis will be in possession of Washington.

Yours truly,
EDWIN M. STANTON.

His Excellency James Buchanan.

WASHINGTON, May 11, 1861.

DEAR SIR: * * * The fling of Mr. F. W. Seward about "negotiations" would merit a retort if there were an independent press and the state of the times admitted discussion of such matters. The negotiations carried on by Mr. Seward with the Confederate Commissioners through Judge Campbell and Judge Nelson will some day, perhaps, brought to light, if they were as has been represented to me, Mr. Seward and the Lincoln Administration will not be in a position to make sneering observations respecting any negotiations during your Administration. It was in reference to these that Jefferson Davis in his message spoke with so much severity. You no doubt observed his allusion to informal negotiations through a person holding a high station in the Government of the United States, and which were participated in by other persons holding stations equally high. I have understood that Judge Campbell was the person alluded to, and that Judge Nelson and perhaps Catron were the other persons cognizant of Mr. Seward's assurances respecting the evacuation of Fort Sumter. * * * In respect to the military operations going on or contemplated little is known until the results are announced in the newspapers. General Scott seems to have carte Blanche. He is in fact the Government, and if his health continues, vigorous measures are anticipated. For the last few days I have been moving my former residence being made unpleasant by troops and hospitals surrounding me. In the present state of affairs I do not like to leave home or I would pay you a visit, but no one knows what may happen any day or how soon communications may be again interrupted. Marching and drilling are going on all day in every street. The troops that have arrived here are in general fine looking, able-bodied, active men, well equipped and apparently ready and willing for the service in which they are engaged. Your cordial concurrence in the disposition to maintain the Government and resist aggression give great satisfaction and I am pleased to observe a letter from you in the Intelligencer of this morning. I beg you to present my compliments to Miss Lane. There are many stories afloat among the ladies in the city that would amuse her, but as they are no doubt told her by lady correspondents, it is needless for me to repeat them! I hope you may continue in the enjoyment of good health; and remain with sincere regard, yours truly.

EDWIN M. STANTON.

WASHINGTON, May 18, 1861.

DEAR SIR: You will see in the New York papers Judge Campbell's report of the negotiations between himself and Mr. Seward, to which I referred in my letter of last week. They had been related to me by the Judge about the time they closed. Mr. Seward's silence will not relieve him from the imputation of deceit and double-dealing in the minds of many, although I do not believe it can justly be imputed to him. I have no doubt he believed that Sumter would be evacuated, as he stated it would be. But the war party overruled him with Lincoln and he was forced to give up, but could not give up his office. That is a sacrifice no Republican will be apt to make. * * *

EDWIN M. STANTON.

His Excellency James Buchanan.

Washington, June 8, 1861.

DEAR SIR: Your friends here are very much gratified by Judge Black's report of improvement in your health. The accounts we have had occasioned a great deal of solicitude concerning you: but I trust that you may now be speedily restored. I have not written to you for some time because there was nothing to communicate that would cheer or gratify you. While every patriot has rejoiced at the enthusiastic spirit with which the nation has aroused to maintain its existence and honor, the peculation and fraud that immediately spring up to prey upon the volunteers and grasp the public money of plunder and spoil have created a strong feeling of loathing and disgust. And no sooner had the appearance of imminent danger passed away and the Administration recovered from its panic than a determination became manifest to give a strict party direction, as far as possible to the great national movement. After a few Democratic appointments, as Butler and Dix, *everything else has been exclusively devoted to black Republican interests.* This has already excited a strong reactionary feeling not only in New York but in the Western States. General Dix informs me that he has been so badly treated by Cameron, and so disgusted by the general course of the Administration that he intends immediately to resign. This will be followed by a withdrawal of financial confidence, and support to a very great extent. Indeed, the course of things for the last four weeks has been such as to excite distrust in every department of the Government. The military movements or rather inaction, also excite great apprehension. It is believed that Davis and Beauregard are both in this vicinity—one at Harper's Ferry the other at Manassas Gap—and that they can concentrate over sixty thousand troops. Our whole force does not exceed forty-five thousand. It is also reported that discord exists between the Cabinet and General Scott in respect to important points of strategy.

Our condition, therefore, seems to be one of even greater danger than at any former period, for the consequence of success by the secessionists would be far more extensive and irremediable than if the Capitol had been seized weeks ago. Ould is reported as having gone off and joined the secessionists. Harvey, the new minister to Spain, it is discovered, was a correspondent with the secessionists, and communicated the designs and operations of the Government to Judge McGrath. It is supposed he will be recalled. Cassius Clay has been playing the fool at London by writing letters to the *Times*, which that paper treats with ridicule and contempt. The impression here is that the decided and active countenance and support of the British Government will be given to the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Holt is still here but I seldom see him. Judge Black is also here. I should have visited you but dare not even leave town even for one night. Our troops have slept on their arms every night for a week anticipating attack. Hoping to hear of your restoration to good health, I remain, as ever, truly yours, EDWIN M. STANTON.

Washington, July 16, 1861.

Dear Sir: Your favor with the continuation of the historical sketch was duly received. Last evening Judge Black and General Dix met at my house and consulted together in regard to it. We concur in opinion that a publication at present would accomplish no good. The public mind is too much excited on other topics to give attention to the past, and it would only afford occasion for fresh malignant attacks upon you. * * * The narration appears to me to be a clear and accurate statement of the events of the period to which it relates, with one exception of no material consequence, in respect to which the recollection of Judge Black, General Dix and myself is somewhat different from the statement. Speaking of the order to the Brooklyn not to disembark the forces sent to Pickens unless that fort were attacked, you mention it as having been made with the entire unanimity of your Cabinet and the approval of General Scott. That he approved it is fully shown by Mr. Holt's note to you, but our recollection is that in the Cabinet it was opposed by Judge Black, General Dix and myself. I do not know that there is now any reason to question the wisdom of the measure. It may have saved Pickens from immediate attack at that time; and I have understood that General Scott says that Pickens could not have been successfully defended if it had been attacked, and that he speaks of this as a blunder of the confederates. In this view the measure is fully vindicated, and at the time it was supported by the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, to whose departments the subject appertained. So far, however, as your Administration is concerned its policy in reference to both Sumter and Pickens is fully vindicated by the course of the present Administration for forty days after the inauguration of Lincoln. * * *

General Dix is still here. He has been shamefully treated by the administration. We are expecting a general battle to be commenced at Fairfax to-day, and conflicting opinions of the result are entertained. With sincere regard, I remain, as ever, truly yours, EDWIN M. STANTON.

His Excellency James Buchanan.

Washington, July 26, 1861.

Dear Sir: Three days ago I received the inclosed letters under cover addressed to me. Upon reading the first sentence I perceived there must be some mistake, and turning over the leaf saw that the address was to Judge Black, and therefore return them unread. I should have handed them to him, but have not seen him since they were received and am informed that he left here some days ago. The dreadful disaster of Sunday can scarcely be mentioned. The imbecility of this Administration culminated in that cata strophe—an irretrievable misfortune and national disgrace never to be forgotten are added to the ruin of all peaceful pursuits and national bankruptcy as the result of Lincoln's "running the machine" for five months. You perceive that Bennett is for a change of the Cabinet, and proposes for one of the new Cabinet Mr. Holt. * * *

It is not unlikely that some change in the War and Navy Departments may take place, but none beyond these two departments until Jefferson Davis turns out the whole concern. The capture of Washington seems now to be inevitable—during the whole of Monday and Tuesday it might have been taken without any resistance. The route, overthrow and utter demoralization of the whole army is complete. Even now I doubt whether any serious opposition to the entrance of the Confederate forces could be offered. While Lincoln, Scott and the Cabinet are disputing who is to blame the city is unguarded and the enemy at hand. General McClellan reached here last evening. But if he had the ability of Cæsar, Alexander or Napoleon, what can he accomplish? Will not Scott's jealousy, Cabinet intrigues, Republican interference, thwart him at every step? While hoping for the best I cannot shut my eyes against the dangers that beset the Government, and especially this city. It is certain that Davis was in the field on Sunday, and the Secessionists here assert that he headed in person the last victorious charge. General Dix is in Baltimore. After three weeks' neglect and insult he was sent there. The warm debate between Douglas' friend Richardson and Kentucky Burnett has attracted some interest, but has been attended with no bellicose result. Since this note was commenced the morning paper has come in, and I see that McClellan did not arrive last night, as I was informed he had. Gen. Lee was after him, but will have to wait awhile before they can meet.

Yours truly, EDWIN M. STANTON.

His Excellency James Buchanan.

Under Quay and Kemble the Evans embezzlement was committed—by addition, division and silence—and the state plundered of a quarter of a million dollars. Prevent these fellows from repeating that game by voting for Barr on Tuesday, 4th.

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.

A Family of Four Persons on a Boat Attacked by Negroes—The Husband Shot, the Wife Outraged and the Boat Plundered.

Memphis, October 21.—Information was received this afternoon of a horrible outrage committed last Sunday near Montgomery's Landing, Mississippi, eighteen miles down the river. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and their two children, who were on a trading boat, were attacked by a party of six negroes who fired upon them with shotguns. Two of the bullets grazed Mr. Johnson's head, stunning him. The negroes then outraged Mrs. Johnson, plundered the boat and cut it adrift. Attracted by the cries of the helpless family, the steamer O. W. Pierce went to their assistance and towed their boat to Lawhorn's Landing, nine miles down the river.

The residents of that vicinity have given every attention to Mrs. Johnson, whose condition is extremely critical. The six negroes were seen leaving the trading boat as the steamer approached. Mr. Johnson came off the Ohio river with his boat three weeks ago.

A FATHER SHOOTS HIS SON AND DAUGHTER AND THEN HIMSELF.

Bloomington, Ill., October 21.—In this city, yesterday, Wm. Hogg shot his daughter Mary, aged eighteen years, and his son Willie, aged twelve, and then himself. He and his daughter were fatally wounded, but it was thought the boy would recover. Hogg was a respectable citizen, but eccentric in his ways and had recently been unfortunate in business. He recently married a second time. His wife, by going on a trip to a neighboring town in the morning, doubtless escaped being shot with the rest.

Middletown, N. Y., October 23.—Stephen G. Cauldwell's wife and sister, Mrs. Charity Acker, of Pomonawack, Ulster county, drove to Monticello to see Cauldwell, he being confined in the Sullivan county jail. In the afternoon they started for home. Last evening a party of fishermen found both women lying dead in the road beside the overturned wagon, to which the horses were still attached.

Camphor Milk cures headache and neuralgia.
Camphor Milk cures rheumatism and lame back.
Camphor Milk cures cuts, bruises and burns.
Camphor Milk costs 25 ct.; 5 bottles $1.
Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

I, JOHN SPANGLER, High Sheriff of the County of Centre, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the County aforesaid, that an election will be held in the said County of Centre

On Tuesday November 4, 1879,

It being the Tuesday following the first Monday of November, (the polls to be opened at seven o'clock A. M., and closed at seven o'clock P. M.), at which time the freeman of Centre County will vote by ballot for the following officers, namely:

One person for the office of State Treasurer of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania;

One person for the office of Jury Commissioner;

One person for the office of Coroner.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the places of holding the aforesaid election in the several Boroughs and Townships within the County of Centre are as follows, to wit:

For the Township of Haines, at the public house of I. D. Boyer (Asronsburg).

For the Township of Half Moon, at the school house in Stormstown.

For the township of Taylor, at the house erected for that purpose, on the property of Leonard Merryman.

For the township of Miles, in the school house in the town of Rebersburg.

For the township of Potter (Northern precinct), at the public house of D. J. Moyer, in Centre Hall.

For the township of Potter (Southern precinct), at the public house of D. H. Ruhl, at Potter's Mills.

For the township of Gregg, at the public house owned by J. B. Fisher, Penn Hall.

For the Township of College, in the school house at Lemont.

For the Township of Ferguson (old precinct), in the school house at Pine Grove.

For the Township of Ferguson (new precinct), at the school house at Baileyville.

For the Township of Harris, in the school house at Boalsburg.

For the township of Patton, at the house of Peter Murray.

For the Borough of Bellefonte, and the townships of Spring and Benner, at the Court house in Bellefonte.

For the Township of Walker, in the school house a Hublersburg.

For the Borough and Township of Howard, at the school house of said Borough.

For the Township of Rush, at the Cold Stream school house.

For the township of Snow Shoe, at the school house at Snow Shoe station.

For the township of Marion, at the house of Joel Kling, in Jacksonville.

For the Borough of Milesburg, at the school house in Milesburg.

For the Township of Boggs, at the new school house in Central City.

For the Township of Huston, at the Silver Dale school house.

For the Township of Penn, at the public house of William S. Musser.

For the Borough of Millheim, at the school house opposite the Evangelical church in said Borough.

For the township of Liberty, at the school house at Eagleville.

For the township of Worth at the school house at Port Matilda.

For the township of Burnside, at the house of J. K. Boak.

For the township of Curtin, at the school house near Robert Mann's.

For the Borough of Unionville and the Township of Union, at the new school house in Unionville.

For the Borough of Philipsburg, in new school house in said Borough.

NOTICE is also hereby given, "That every person excepting the justices of the peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of any profit or trust under the Government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, subordinate officer or agent who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive, or Judiciary Department of this State, or of the United States, or of any city or incorporated district; and also that every member of Congress or State Legislature, and of the select or common Council of any city, or commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law incapable of holding or exercising, at the same time, the office or appointment for Judge, Inspector or clerk of any election of this Commonwealth; and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election, shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for."

Given under my hand and seal, at my office in Bellefonte, this 20th day of September, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-Nine, and in the One Hundred and Third year of the Independence of the United States. JOHN SPANGLER,
Oct. 2. Sheriff of Centre County.

Dyspepsia! Dyspepsia! Dyspepsia!

E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, a sure cure for this disease. It has been prescribed daily for many years in the practice of eminent physicians with unparalleled success. Symptoms are loss of appetite, wind and rising of food, dryness in mouth, headache, dizziness, sleeplessness and low spirits. Get the genuine. Not sold in bulk only $1.00 bottles, or six bottles for $5.00. Ask your druggist for E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, and if he has it not, send to proprietor, E. F. Kunkel, 259 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Advice free; send three-cent stamp.

WORMS. WORMS. WORMS.

E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to destroy Pin, Seat, and Stomach Worms. Dr. Kunkel, the only successful physician who removes Tape Worm in two hours, alive with head, and no fee until removed. Common sense teaches if Tape Worms be removed all other worms can be readily destroyed. Advice at office and store, free. The doctor can tell whether or not the patient has worms. Thousands are dying daily, with worms, and do not know it. Fits, spasms, cramps, choking and suffocation, sallow complexion, circles around the eyes, swelling and pain in the stomach, restless at night, grinding of the teeth, picking at the nose, cough, fever, itching at the seat, headache, foul breath, the patient grows pale and thin, tickling and irritation in the anus,—all these symptoms, and more, come from worms. E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to remove them. Price, $1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.00, (For Tape Worm, write and consult the Doctor.) For all others, buy of your druggist the Worm Syrup and if he has it not, send to Dr. E. F. Kunkel, 259 N. Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Advice by mail, free; send three-cent stamp. 17jul4t

Sellers' Fifty years before the public. Pronounced by all to be the most *pleasant* and *efficacious* remedy *now in use*, for the *cure* of coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, &c. *Over a million bottles sold within the last few years.* Gives immediate relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that *cannot* be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all druggists at 25c

NEW RICH BLOOD.

Sending health in every fiber of the system is rapidly made by that remarkable preparation, LINDSEY'S IMPROVED BLOOD SEARCHER. For the speedy cure of Scrofula, Wasting, Mercurial Disease, Eruptions, Erysipelas, vital decay, and every indication of impoverished blood. "Lindsey's Blood Searcher is the one remedy that can always be relied upon. Druggists sell it. Aug. 7.

R. E. Sellers & Co., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa. 1my
For sale by D. J. Murray, Centre Hall. ms

ALL WHO BUY DRY GOODS,

Should not fail to inspect

The Largest Stock of Dry Goods,

—AT THE—

DISTRIBUTING CENTRE

EIGHTH and MARKET STREETS, PHILA,

(Signed.)

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER.

OUT OF A SILK STOCK OF

$150,000,

We name a few items remarkably cheap, which represent many other lots too numerous to name.

ALL SILK PEKIN STRIPES, at $1.00.....ALL SILK PEKIN STRIPES, at $1.25.....COLORED AND BLACK DAMAS, at $1.25.....SILK DAMASSE, EXTRA HEAVY AND ALL SILK, at $1.50.....ALL BLACK DAMASSE, at $1.50.....VELVET AND SATIN STRIPES, at $8.00.....JACQUARD VELVETS.....RICH SATIN DE LYON, at $3.50 .....LYONS SILK VELVETS, from $3.50 to $12.00 .....RICH SATIN DAMASSES, at $2.00, $3.00 and $4.00.....SATIN BRODERIE and SATIN PEKIN BRODERIE, and the grandest collection of BLACK AND COLORED SILKS ever placed on sale in Philadelphia, which for richness of assortment and extreme moderation of prices, has no equal.

(Signed.)

STRAWBRIDGE AND CLOTHIER.

OUR PRESENT STOCK OF

DRESS GOODS,

IN COLORS ALONE,

Is nearly equal in value to our stock of Silks, and surpasses all we have ever shown in magnitude, assortment and moderation of prices.

LUPIN'S FRENCH MERINOS, at 45 and 50 cts.....EXTRA FRENCH CASHMERES, at 45 cts.....FRENCH MERINOS AND CASHMERES, at 50, 62, 75, 87½ cts. and $1.00.....FRENCH SATINS, at 37½ cts .....FRENCH MELANGE, at 50 cts .....FRENCH ARMURES, at 75 cts.....ELEGANT STYLES FRENCH GOODS, at $1.00.....CAMEL'S HAIR FOULE, at 80 cts. .....NOVELTIES FOR TRIMMINGS, in all the new effects....DAMASSE CASHMERES, at 37½ cts.....WOOL FACE CASHMERES, at 37½ cts.....34-INCH CHEVRONS, at 37½cts.....ENGLISH FANCIES, at 37½ cts.....TRIMMING STRIPES, at 31 cts.....ALL-WOOL SUITINGS, at 25 cts.....HALF WOOL SUITINGS, at 12½ cts.....and

THOUSANDS OF PIECES OF OTHER DRESS GOODS,

Of which the above list is but a representative.

(Signed),

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER.

IN BLACK GOODS

We exhibit a stock of about

$75,000.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd. Oct. 30, '79.

☞ TERMS.—*$2 per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.*

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of 20cts as formerly when paid by themselves.

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the tables on their papers. If the table reads "John Roe 1 jan '79" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1878, and that it is time he was paying the printer.

LOCAL ITEMS.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.—Having sold my good will and part of my stock of ready made clothing to a firm in Philadelphia, to which I have to give possession on ... store room by Jan. 1, 1880, I now offer my s... k of ready made clothing at actual my stoc... freight. This is an excellent cost and ... good bargain.

Respectfully,

J. NEWMAN, JR.

16oct2m

——Just think of it, housekeepers, you can get a peck of ... ice sweet potatoes at Sechler's for 20 cents.

Democrats, go to the polls on next Tuesday and vote for D. O. Barr and to prevent the Cameron ring from again getting hold of the Treasury.

——Ice near 1 inch thick on last Saturday morning. Get out your mittens.

——One of our exchanges, good at guessing, predicts that the comming winter will be much colder than last summer.

——Beef and pork wanted on subscription, at this office.

——R. G. Brett, one of Ferguson's working democrats, paid the REPORTER a visit the other day, and gave us a good talk over old times.

——A tea made of dried mullen leaves, and sweetened with sugar will, it is said, cure consumption.

——An inch of snow at Hazleton, Pa., last Friday.

——Ph. B. Stover and Ambrose Vonada of Haines twp., this week left for Kansas on a tour of observation.

——Rev. Robinson will sell his household goods at public Sale, at Potters Mills, on Wednesday 5, next.

——Having witnessed the new patent process of cleansing feathers, by Mr. Corbin, we are convinced that it is a decided improvement upon the old way. There is no scorching, all the odors are carried off during the process, these with other merits, render the work unexceptionable. See other references below.

——Do you want a fine toilet article, fancy goods, stationery, or any thing in drugs and medicines, go to the old reliable stand of F. P. Green, in the Bush house.

——Last Saturday in Williamsport, Judge Mayer refused E. H. Brookhardt, convicted of rape on a ten-year old child, a new trial, and sentenced him to fifteen years imprisonment.

——The first snow of the season visited us Friday morning last, accompanied by a cold howling wind. Sure and winter means to come.

——Just the place to get 'em—dried and canned fruits, cured meats, coffee, tea, syrup, sugar, queensware, stoneware, and hundreds of other things, the best in market, go to Sechler's, in the Bush house block. All goods fresh and nice.

——Go right to Lee's coach shop if you wish a stylish buggy—done up by the best workmen and of best materisl. All work warranted.

It's going to snow soon, now is the time to bargain for a sleigh at Lee's.

——The time of Dr. Fowler's lecture in Bellefonte has been changed from Wednesday eve 29th inst., to Friday eve 31st inst.

——Chipmunk seems to be the favorite dish of the Lewistown *Gazette* man; we take the hint in his last paper, and will send him a mess of the critters when next we go gunning—tho' its a game we never molested.

——Miss Lizzie Cox, a fine young lady in one of the western counties, attempted to hurry the cooking stove fire by using the coal oil can. Her funeral two days after was very large.

——If you desire to see a really splendid stock of new goods, go to Wolf's in the bank building; the assortment we venture to say, is unsurpassed in the county, and at figures which are low for the quality. At Wolf's; as is well known, none but the best goods are kept—he never deals in an inferior goods, and hence there is no deception in what you get there.

——Linn's "Annals of Buffalo Valley" is one of the most interesting volumes that a citizen of central Penn'a can read, and a book that will do to keep for all time, as it gives a history of the conflicts of the early settlers in this section of the state with the red man. Mr Frank Chamberlin, esq., is now engaged in selling this book in Penns Valley. We would advise all who can to purchase it, it is full of thrilling incidents of frontier life.

——All have been outgeneraled in breeches, and in the war for cheap clothing Newman is victorious over all others, and is King Clothier so firm y established that all opposition combined can not drive him from his high seat. He keeps the largest and best stock and sells lower than any one elso without exception.

MRS. Nancy M'Cormick, 70 years of age, was run over and killed by a shifter on a Pennsylvania railroad siding at Lewistown on Monday, 20.

——That's so—that's so: Try your luck —no blank cards—no miss in it—you always make and are pleased and satisfied and invest again when you once deal at Sechler's grocery, the best and most complete in this county in every respect. One trial will convince you.

——HAVE YOUR FEATHERS RENOVATED. Read the testimonial of a few of those who had their feather beds cleansed in the vicinity of Millheim:

We the undersigned, residents of Centre Co., Pa., having employed Mr. Corbin to renovate and dress our feather beds, pillows, &c., by the new process of Griswold & Gipson's "Improved Feather Renovator," thereby rendering them clean, sweet and healthy, also much lighter and larger, therefore we most cordially recommend him and his work to all as being what they represent.

W. S. Musser,	G. W Stover, Jr.,
W. A. Kerlin,	J. G. Musser,
Jno. S. Auman,	Amos Alexander,
Jno. H Frank,	L. E Stover,
Jacob Sankey,	Wm. H. Phillips,
Jas. P. Coburn,	B. O. Deininger,
Jacob Gephart,	Elias Lose,
C. F. Deininger,	W. L. Musser,
W. K. Alexander,	Dr. P. T. Musser,
H. E. Duck,	Jonathan Kreamer,
Jacob Wolf.	

Mr. Corbin is now at Centre Hall, and none should fail to have their feathers renovated. Satisfaction guaranteed.

——CAMPHOR MILK—Dr. Oberholtzer's Liniment has been tested by thousands, and has proved to be of the highest value to the community. It has effected many cures in Rheumatism, Sores, Swellings, Sprains and Frosted Feet, and many persons recommend it for Cuts, Galls and Swellings in horses. It costs 25 cents. Sold by J. D. Murray. 9oct 4t

——Go to your store or druggist and get a bottle of Frank P. Green's compound syrup of tar, honey and bloodroot, the best remedy out for a cough, cold, croup, asthma, or early stage of consumption.

Phœnix Pectoral will cure your cough.
Phœnix Pectoral cures hoarseness quickly.
Phœnix Pectoral tastes good and brings rest.
Phœnix Pectoral costs 25 cts; 6 bottles $1.
Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall.

——O ye men that have fish-baskets read Sheriff Spangler's proclamation in the Reporter,

CHURCH REDEDICATION.

The Loop church was rededicated to the service of God on the 26th inst. The day was a bright and beautiful one, opening with a bracing atmosphere and inviting in all its autumnal glory. By the hour of 9 o'clock the church was literally packed with an eager multitude. Rev. John Tomlinson opened the service with an invocation and the reading of a German hymn, after which Rev. Groh offered prayer. Rev. Tomlinson then preached a most excellent and appropriate sermon in the German language and was followed by Rev. Groh with a sermon in the English language. Both of these discourses were earnest, thoughtful and impressive. We trust the congregation that enjoyed them on that day will never forget the wholesome instruction they imparted. During the preaching of these sermons the crowd still came and went, one making place for the other. It must have been considerably annoying to the brethren who preached; but we were certainly glad to see them come. Rev. J. K. Miller was by appointment the money solicitor of the day, and right handsomely did he fill his part of the programme. It was announced that the congregations wanted $300 to pay off the debt of the remodeled church. Commencing with $10 the work of giving began. $5 followed, then $2 50, then $1, then collection until the required amount was raised. The responses were indeed prompt and we believe on the whole willing. The services of dedication were then proceeded with by Rev's Roeder and Fischer, pastors of the congregations, and the church was solemnly reconsecrated to Almighty God. To say that this was a delightful service all through is but to echo what we heard from scores present. The church presents a handsome exterior appearance, and does not disappoint one when entering it. It was simply impossible to be comfortable in it previous to this remodeling. Now there is a good basement for Sabbath School and other services and a cheerful and very agreeable audience chamber up stairs. I think if the old fathers of this church were to come back to the earth again they would have difficulty in finding, what to them was, the Loop church, so completely has its aspect been changed. The afternoon was taken up with very interesting services, beginning at 3 o'clock. The character of these services was historic. Rev's Roeder and Fischer read the histories of both the organizations, Lutheran and Reformed, from the date of their incipiency up to the present. No doubt these histories would be of interest to the people generally and they may be published in abstract at some future time. The house was comfortably filled at this service. Rev's Miller and Tomlinson followed the reading of these papers in thoughts awakened by them, making good impressions upon the hearts of the people. Rev. J. A. Koser of Pine Grove Mills preached a very acceptable discourse on Saturday, previous to the dedication, and also filled the pulpit of the Lutheran church in Centre Hall on Sunday night. Bro. Koser may come again.

The entire cost of the church was about fifteen hundred dollars. As it now stands it is a grace and credit to the community. That it may continue to be the Mecca of hundreds of spiritual pilgrims for years to come, is the earnest wish of a pastor.

W. E. F.

——Just bear in mind all kinds of repairing on wagons, buggies, and carriages done at Jno. T. Lee's coach shops in short order, and new rigs turned out in best style. All orders by mail given prompt attention.

——A large and splendid assortment of new boots and shoes just received at Wolf's old stand.

——We are under obligations to Hon. Jno. B. Linn for a pamphlet copy of his address at the unveiling of Brady monument, at Muncy, on 15 inst. The address is full of historic interest and has the mark of literary ability. We do not think a fitter person could have been chosen to deliver the address, than Mr. Linn, who has made the early frontier life a special study and the address aforesaid is a valuable contribution to the history of our state at that period.

——Mr. Joseph Crotzer, Treasurer of school board, will be at Tusseyville on 27 Nov. Potters Mills 28 Nov. and Centre Hall 29 Nov., for the purpose of receiving school tax. On all taxes paid there will be a reduction of 5 per cent.

——Ladies will find the finest lot of new dress goods, all the latest styles at Wm. Wolf's old stand. The prettiest goods in market. Come and see.

——Pop goes the weasel, and pod goes everybody in to Sechlers, to see their handsome grocery, a show worth seeing, buy some of their nice, fresh and wholesome groceries, and you supply your table with the best as well as cheapest.

——Fits, fits! Clothing made to order at Newman's who has the services of one of the best Philadelphia tailors—and all work warranted to fit at prices the lowest.

——Rev. Shoemaker had his buggy lines stolen a few days ago, and a few days previous the fruit was stolen from several of his trees. Our informant thinks some parties must have been after keepsakes by which to remember the Rev'd.

——One day last week four car loads of apples were shipped from Coburn station. Mr. J. C. Motz was the principal shipper. His idea was to have them converted into "apple jack" or apple whiskey.

LIST OF DEMOCRATIC MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL, Saturday evening, Nov. 1, 1879. To be addressed by Hon's C. T. Alexander and S. R. Peale.

PENN—Millheim, Friday evening, Oct. 31, 1879. To be addressed by Hon's C. T. Alexander and S. R. Peale.

FERGUSON—Pine Hall School House, Saturday evening, October 25, 1879 To be addressed by D. F. Fortney, W. C. Heinle, J. L. Spangler and Geo. R. Barrett.

SPORTSMEN.—I have an excellent stock of BREECH LOADING SHOTGUNS, also Muzzle loaders, which were bought at very low prices. Sportsmen wishing to invest, had better do so now, as the tendency is upwards. All kinds of goods for sportsmen on hand, at the Gunstore of

THEO. DESCHNER,
Bellefonte.

23oct 3m

——HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers his property at Centre Hall at private sale. The lot is favorably located, with choice fruit, and water convenient. The house is new, two-story, with seven rooms; other outbuildings. Terms very easy. Apply to.

WM. A. CURRY,
23 Oct. 4t. Centre Hall.

——SCHOOL TAX NOTICE—The taxpayers of Potter township are hereby notified that the school duplicate is in the hands of the undersigned. On all tax paid into his hands before 1st of December there will be a deduction of 5 per cent., from Dec 1 to Jan 1, 1880, there will be no deduction, and after Jan. 1, there will be 5 per cent. added to all unpaid school-tax, in accordance with the act of Assembly. JOSEPH CROTZER,
16oct 2m Treasurer.

——Persons wishing a good article of Brandy, Whiskey, Gin or Wine for medicinal purposes, can be accommodated at the Centre Hall Drug Store All of the very best flavoring extracts for family use, such as Lemon, Vanilla, Sarsaparilla, Pine Apple Rose, Bitter Almond, &c., are kept in stock and offered for sale. Persons wishing anything usually kept in a well regulated Drug store, will please call on me, and you will find my stock full and complete. Night and Sunday customers are always waited upon with pleasure.

16oct3m J. D. MURRAY.

GEO. BELL,
Tailor and Renovator, has located at Centre Hall, where he will be happy to meet the wants of all desiring clothes made in the Latest style and most Approved Fashion. Fits guaranteed. He will also clean and restore faded clothes and make them look good as new. Has a choice lot of samples. Cutting promptly attended to. Prices low. Room No. 1 over the Bank.

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

Completed—Long's new grain house.

The German Reformed church of Centre co., is sending the Rev. Mr. Sheemaker to Kansas as a Missionary, now would not some church of some other Co., be kind enough to send a missionary to this place as I think one is needed very badly, we used to have a prayer meeting here on Sabbath eve but for some reason or other it is defunct, now don't all come at once, The singing class under the leadership of Prof. P. H. Meyer will soon be in operation; than all ye lovers of good music come and hear some sweet music. On next Sabbath our Sabbath school will go by the board, now Messrs. Officers why not keep up the school all winter? I think it is worth trying, no doubt it will hurry some of you a little in the morning but you must give up some little pleasure to do the work of the Lord. Remember the lesson of last Sabbath "Faith without works" well you know the rest.

Wonder why they rang the school bell so much on last Saturday supose it was to give the school a good start on Monday morning, and I think it accomplished its work, judging from the number of pupils wandering that way. So much for Guines Hill.

The Rev. Mr. Robinson preaches his farewell sermon on next Sunday eve, Nov. 1st. Sorry to loose so able a minister as Rev. Robinson.

Spring Mills has the right man in the right place in the person of F. F. Jamison. Right Fred make the boys stand around.

The Democrats of Gregg township have spit on their hands and gone to work to roll a large majority in for D. O. Barr for State Treasurer and all the officers to be elected this fall. PEDRO.

Fine lot of stoves at Grenoble's and also plenty of best coal, cheap Our highway was much improved at P. Wilson's—oth er places need it too, to enable some of our farmers to reach the grain market in better temper. The bridge at Duncan's dam needs looking after. Farmer's Mills Cornet Band serenaded Mr. George Krape in his new residence on evening of 24, met with a kind reception and a good time was had, Miss Flora being well prepared with refreshments, and to the excellent band music were added some fine pieces upon the organ by Mr. Frank Barick. W.

——Rev. J. G. Shoemaker was presented with a handsome gold-headed cane by the Aaronsburg Sunday School, on Sunday last. In a few and appropriate words Prof. Apple, D. D., of Lancaster, Penn'a, made the presentation, after which Rev. Shoemaker returned thanks, but was apparently so overcome that he could speak only with the greatest difficulty. Rev. Shoemaker, as before mentioned, will take charge of a Mission in and about Emporia, Kansas, for which point he and his family left on Tuesday.

——Weather cool and windy last 4 and 5 days with occasional rains.

——The greenback meeting that was to be at Woodward didn't come off—the speaker, Seth Yocum did not appear.

——On Sunday last Warren Etlinger, hireling of Mich. Fiedler and Eddie Boone a foster child of Mr. F's, were handling a cartridge revolver. The usual result followed. The cartridges were a little too large for the cylinder. Warren took his knife and attempted, by slight strokes, to force a cartridge into a bore of the cylinder. The cap exploded and the contents were lodged in Eddie's hand, and a physician had to be called to remove the bullet.

—There, above is a fine string for making new locals without credit.

FIRE AT SEA.

Forty Persons Believed to Have Perished.

New Orleans, October 23, 1879.—The English steamer Louise H., Captain Voss, just arrived from Algiers, Africa, brings seventeen unfortunate men, picked up at sea, who are the sole survivors of the Spanish steamer Nuevo Pajaro del Oceano, which was burned at sea early in the morning of Saturday, October 18. The steamer left Havana, October 16, for Nuevitas with a general cargo, including a large lot of grain, provisions and ammunition for the Spanish army. Everything was all right until about four o'clock on Saturday morning, October 18, when the vessel was in Bahama Straits, between Paredon and Lobas lights.

An alarm was sounded, when the captain, passengers and crew, who were asleep at the time, rushed from their beds to ascertain its cause. It was found that the vessel had taken fire amidships and was then in a sheet of flames.

General confusion ensued, some of the passengers and crew running to the stern of the vessel and jumping overboard in their night clothes, with whatever small objects they could lay their hands on to serve as life buoys, while others were trying to lower boats. The vessel burned to the water's edge and sank in less than four hours' time

There were forty-two men in the crew and some seventeen or twenty passengers, including about six officers and soldiers of the Spanish army. The Louisa H. picked up seventeen of the unfortunates, including the captain, two mates and one soldier. Of this number the captain and five or six of the crew were badly burned and otherwise injured. When picked up they had been flosting for eighteen hours on pieces of plank and were almost naked. Five of the crew took to a small boat and are supposed to have been picked up. One boat was lowered and some twenty persons—passengers and crew—took to it, but it is thought that they are lost.

Those who were picked up were in a fearful state from their long exposure to sun and water. Their flesh is torn and chafed from contact with the rough boards to which they clung, and against which the swell of the sea caused their unprotected limbs to grind and rub until great patches of skin were worn away, while salt water and fierce sunshine combined to make their condition worse. They are stiff and sore in every limb, and in their destitute condition present, on the whole, a most pitiable sight.

There was one woman, the stewardess, on the Pajaro del Oceano. One of the survivors relates his efforts to save her. He had her at his side for some hours until he could no longer hold her up and she sank exhausted. Doubtless many of the passengers and crew were eaten by sharks. The second mate and a companion who were floating on a plank, saw a shark approaching and managed by climbing on the top to avoid it.

JAMAICA.

Severe Floods and Great Destruction of Property,

Kingston, October 16.—Severe rains fell in this island on Saturday, the 11th inst.

Some thirteen lives were lost in Kingston, while horses, mules, sheep, goats, huge trees and timbers, bridges, houses and sacks of coffee and plantation trees were swept out to sea. Great distress prevails among the poor. The telegraph land lines have been thrown down, and communication with many districts entirely stopped.

FORTY PASSENGERS PERISH ON A CUBAN STEAMER.

Havana, October 23.—The steamer Pajaro Del Oceano, whose loss on the voyage between Porto Rico and St. Thomas was reported yesterday, took fire in her cargo among some boxes of petroleum In five minutes she was ablaze As far as known at present forty of her passengers and crew perished. Her boats were dashed to pieces by the screw, and only one boat load of people (the one reported yesterday) is known to have been saved.

The loss of life by the Spanish floods has reached 2,000.

ART IN APPAREL.

The present brisk, cheery temperature, following a spell of unseasonably warm weather, has made every one think of thick garments, and a more auspicious time for an opening of winter goods could not have been asked.

Messrs. Strawbridge & Clothier had announced yesterday as their opening day for Ladies' Winter Coats and Mantles, and though but a few days ago such coverings as furs and heavy woolen wraps were looked upon as out of season, yet when the day arrived, the temperature had undergone a change, and a more appropriate time for such an opening could not have been desired.

The opening days of the great retail houses of the principal cities are always awaited with interest by the ladies as few of the fair sex are courageous enough to select the styles of their garments until the standard authorities exhibit what Fashion decrees shall be worn for the season;

Yesterday Messrs Strawbridge & Clothier, seemed to outdo all previous displays of this character in the exhibition of ladie's, misses' and children's coats, mantles and outside wraps generally. Usually a few pattern garments, made by French modistes, are displayed at openings, but on this occasion several thousand garments, every one made by foreign artists, were on exhibition. Any description of garments in detail cannot be attempted but the event itself should be mentioned as worthy of general interest to our lady readers. All day throngs of ladies passed through the spacious salesrooms, reminding one of the crowds that gathered in the art gallery of the Centennial Exhibition. The firm have aptly headed their announcement "Art in Apparel," and we advise all our lady readers who have not called to take advantage of the continuation of the opening to-day, Wednesday, and witness this interesting spectacle of art and use combined.

The above extract is from the Philadelphia *Press* of a week ago. Since then we notice in the local columns of other Philadelphia papers that on last Saturday it was estimated that twenty thousand persons entered Messrs Strawbridge & Clothier's store. No stronger proof could be adduced to prove the reviving prosperity of the country or no more conclusive evidence of the deserved popularity of this great house.

UFA DESTROYED BY FIRE.

The Russian Official Messenger states that there has been an immense fire at Ufa. More than a fifth part of the town was consumed and many persons were killed. The loss of property was enormous. [Ufa is the capital of Orenburg, on the Ufa and Belaia rivers, and is enclosed by walls. It has a mosque and manufactures of various descriptions. Its population is 5,900.]

TWO OUTLAWS LYNCHED.

Cincinnati, October 23.—A special dispatch from Grayson, Ky., relates that two hundred men rode into Martinsburg, Elliott county, on Monday night, surrounded the jail, overpowered the jailor, took two prisoners, John W. Kendall and William M'Millan, to a tree near by and hanged them until they were dead. The men who were hanged were known to belong to a gang of outlaws.

THE PROBABLE FATE OF THE PATHFINDER.

St. Louis, October 22.—The body found yesterday on the shore of Lake Michigan, near Miller's Station, is identified from the description given in despatches by William E. Burr as the remains of his brother George Burr, who ascended with Professor Wise in the balloon "Pathfinder" three weeks ago.

FISH BASKETS.—NOTICE.

By virtue and authority of the powers and duties in me vested by the 11th Section of act of assembly of 24th of May 1871 all fish baskets, eel wires, kiddles, brush or fascine nets or any other permanently set means of taking fish in the nature of a sive which are known to be wasteful and extravagant modes of fishing existing in any of the streams within Centre county, are hereby declared common nuisances and are ordered to be dismantled by their owners or managers so as to render them no longer capable of taking or injuring the fish of the streams of whatever kind; and if such fish baskets, eel wiers, where they now exist are not destroyed or dismantled within ten days after date of this notice I shall proceed to remove and dismantle the same as directed by said 11th section of act of 24th May 1871.

JOHN SPANGLER,
oct. 27. 2t. Sheriff
Sheriff's Office Bellefonte Pa. Oct 27, 1879.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined and passed by me, and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors and others in any way interested and will be presented to the Orphans Court of Centre county, on Wednesday, the 26th day of November, A. D., 1879, for confirmation and allowance.

1 The account of James H. Rankin administrator of &c. of Abraham Sweitzer, late of Bellefonte borough, deceased

2. The account of John C. Stover, guardian of Sarah L. Brown (now Rupp), minor child of Samuel Brown, late of Haines township, deceased.

3 The account of F. P. Sholl, administrator of &c of D. W. Sholl, late of the township of Miles, deceased.

4 The first and partial account of Samuel Boyer and D. H Yeager, executors of &c. of James Archer, late of Snow Shoe township, deceased.

5 The account of A. C. Witherrite, guardian of Mary A. Worts (now Tate) and Ellie Worts (now McCollough) minors of Margret Worts, late of Boggs township, deceased.

6 The final account of John Ligget, guardian of John Irvin Sayers, minor child of Elizabeth Sayers, late of Liberty township deceased.

7 The final account of Samuel Gilliland guardian of Margaret Johnston, minor child of Alex. and Ellen Johnston, late of Harris township, deceased.

8. The account of Daniel Hess and James Glenn, executors of &c. of Jacob Decker, late of Harris township, deceased.

9. The account of Isreal Kauffman and Benjamin Kauffman, administrators of &c of David Kauffman, late of Spring township, deceased.

10. The final account of C. P. W. Fisher, guardian of Mary Rebecca Grob, minor child of Eliza Grob, late of Harris township, deceased.

11 The account of Elizabeth Keller, administratrix of &c. of Samuel Keller, late of Potter township, deceased.

12. The account of Job W. Packer, Guardian of Samuel B. N. Lucas, miner child of Samuel Lucas, late of Curtin township, deceased.

13 The account of Job W. Packer, guardian of Mary E. Lucas, minor child of Samuel Lucas, late of Curtin township, deceased.

14 The account of Jonas Stine, administrator of &c. of James Leitzel, late of Patton township, deceased.

15. The account of Wm F. Thompson, executor of &c. of Samuel Stevenson, late of Patton township, deceased.

16 The first partial account of Frederick Houser, executor of &c. of Daniel Houser, late of College township, deceased.

17. First and partial account of George Reiber and J. S. Housman, administrators of &c of Jacob Moyer, late of Potter township, deceased.

WM. E. BURCHFIELD,
oct 30, tc. Register.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President of the court of Common Pleas, in the 25th Judicial District consisting of the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield, and the Honorable Sam'l Frank, and the Honorable John Dixon, Associated Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 21 day of Oct., A. D. 1879, to me directed for holding a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace Orphans' Court, and court of Common Pleas in Bellefonte Pa., for the county of Centre, and to commence on the 4th Monday of Nov. being the 24th day of Novmb'r 1879, and to continue three weeks.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of the said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do these things which to their offices appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the Jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

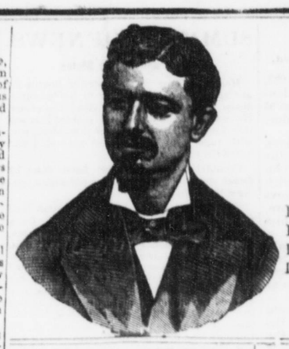
Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 21 day of Nov in the year of our Lord, 1879, and in the 103 year of Independence of the United States.

JOHN SPANGLER, Sheriff.

Spring Mills Market.

Wheat No1	$1 25
Wheat No 2	$1.20
Rye, 70c.	
Corn, ears, per bu. new,	.40c
Oats, 30c.	
Buckwheat, 50c.	
Cloverseed, $4 00 to $5 00	
Chop, per ton, $20.00.	
Plaster, ground per ton, $10.00	
Flour, per bbl $6.00	
Barley 50 to 70c.	
Butter, 16c.	
Tallow, 6c.	
Lard, 6c.	
Ham, 12c.	
Shoulders, 6c.	
Eggs per doz., 15c.	
Tub washed wool 30c.	

Coal, Retail.	By Car, Gross.
Egg, $4 90	$4 75
Stove, $5 25	$5 00
Chestnut, $4 75	$4 60
Pea, $3 25	$3 15



J. NEWMAN, JR.,

KING CLOTHIER AND MERCHANT TAILOR,

Is Selling	His Stock Of	Ready Made Clothing	At Cost and Freight.
Is Selling	His Stock Of	Ready Made Clothing	At Cost and Freight.
Is Selling	His Stock Of	Ready Made Clothing	At Cost and Freight.
Is Selling	His Stock Of	Ready Made Clothing	At Cost and Freight.

As he is quitting the Clothing Trade to go into the Dry Goods Business. This is no sham, but a square and honest transaction.

☞ CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER BY FIRST-CLASS TAILORS CHEAPER THAN ANYWHERE ELSE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

IN THIS age of Commerce and in these go-a-head times, the pressing demand is for thoroughly trained men for business. Our Institution offers unsurpassed facilities to young and middle aged men for obtaining a Practical Education. A short time only is required to complete the course of study. Expenses light. Individual Instruction. Students can enter at any time. No vacations. For circular address P. DUFF & SONS, Pittsburgh, Pa. Duff's Bookkeeping, published by Harper Bros.; printed in colors; 400 pp. The largest work on the science published. A work for bankers, railroads, business men and practical accountants. Price, $3.00, postage 20 cents.

AUCTIONEER.—The undersigned respectfully offers his services to the citizens of Centre county, as an auctioneer. Several years successful experience enables him to render the utmost satisfaction in crying sales. GEO. KOCH.

HARRY K. HICKS,

(Successor to T. A. Hicks & Bro.)

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN

Hardware, Stoves, Oils, Paints Glass, Putty, &c.

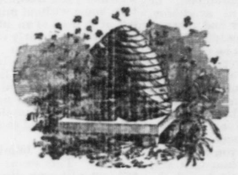
☞ Also has the agency of the South Bend Chilled Plow for this county.☜

I WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD BY ANY PARTY THAT SELLS THE SAME QUALITY OF GOODS.

Grand Fall Opening

At the BEE-HIVE

ONE PRICE EXCLUSIVE



DRY GOODS STORE.

I wish to inform the public that I have just received an immense Stock of Goods,

ALL NEW! ALL NEW!

And I am better prepared to furnish you with all your wants in my line, having made it a study to buy just such goods as are wanted; and, notwithstanding the advance on all goods, I am still selling them at the lowest market prices. My business is founded on the ONE PRICE SYSTEM, which you will find in all cities, Square Dealing and Honesty. My stock is complete in all its branches, consisting of

DRESS GOODS and SILKS, SHAWLS, CLOAKS and BLANKETS, HOUSEKEEPING GOODS,
NOTIONS and TRIMMINGS, DOMESTICS.
HOSIERY and GLOVES, CORSETS, RIBBONS and TIES, ZEPHERS AND YARNS,
CARPETS, &C., &C., &C.

All my goods are marked in plain figures. Hoping to receive an early call. I remain respectfully yours,

My motto is, One Price, the very Lowest, and no misrepresentation. **J. H. BAULAND.**

Prepared Coke.

—FOR—

FAMILY USE.

The Bellefonte & Snow Shoe R. R Co. having completed their Coke Breaker and Screens, are now prepared to furnish all sizes of Coke for Stoves, Ranges and Furnaces.

PRICE,

$3,00 per Ton of 2000 Pounds.

DANIEL RHODES.
2oct 3m Gen. Supt

D. H. Rhule.

AUCTIONEER.—Potters Mills Years of experience in other parts of the state enable him to guarantee the utmost satisfaction as an Auctioneer Vendues cried at reasonable charges. A share of the public patronage kindly solicited.
23 oc 4m

JOYFUL News for Boys and Girls!! Young and Old!! A NEW INVENTION just patented for them, for Home use! Fret and Scroll Sawing, Turning, Boring, Drilling, Grinding, Polishing, Screw Cutting. Price $5 to $50. Send 6 cents for 100 pages. EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

HENRY BOOZER,

CENTRE HALL,

MANUFACTURER OF

Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Whips, Flynets, and also keeps on hand Cotton Nets, etc. Prices low as any where else. All kinds of repairing done. The best stock always kept on hand. All work warranted. A share of the public patronage kindly solicited. 1oct, tf

PENSIONS!

procured for soldiers disabled in U. S service by reasons of wounds and other causes All pensions date back to day of discharge. Pensions increased Address with stamp, STODDART & CO., No. 913 E St. N. Y. Washington, D. C
23 oct. 4t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of George Faust, late of Potter twp dec'd, having been granted to the under signed, all person- knowing themselves to be indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement.

JOHN D. DECKER,
9oct 6t Adm'r.

JERRY MILLER

BARBER AND HAIRDRESS—in the base ment of the bank building. All work done n fashionable style. 1 july

AT C. DINGES'

NEW STORE

You can find all kinds of Groceries and Canned Fruits cheaper than anywhere else.

He also has on hand and is constantly receiving Notions, Candies, in great variety, and Tobaccos of the best grades.

TRY HIS YORK CIGARS.

He deals in FLOUR, BRAN, STONE and EARTHEN CROCKS, &c., &c. and takes *all kinds* of Country Produce in exchange.

CALL AND GIVE HIM A TRIAL.

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HORSE BOOK Send 25 cents in stamps or currency to have 35 fine engravings showing positions assumed by sick horses; table of doses, a large collection of valuable recipes, rules for telling the age of a horse, with an engraving showing teeth of each year, and a large amount of other valuable horse information Dr. Wm Hall — as I have bought book that I paid $5 and $8 for which I do not like as well as to pay a — fund for a circular, agents wanted B. J. Kendall, M. D., Enosburgh Falls, Vt. 1myly

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As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of Childhood, it is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued and restored to health.

This medicine gains friends at every trial, as the cures it is constantly producing are too remarkable to be forgotten. No family should be without it, and those who have once used it never will.

Eminent Physicians throughout the country prescribe it, and Clergymen often recommend it from their knowledge of its effects.

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NEW ROO

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

New round hats are of fur beaver of the softest and finest kind.

The designs in new satin brocades are very large. The larger the flower, the more expensive the material.

The dresses trimmed across the front with narrow flounces have appeared in the patterns and are very ugly.

The new materials for combination costumes have exactly the coloring and designs seen on Japanese bronzes

Shirring is seen on nearly all the new dresses, on the waist and on the skirt, and even on the sleeves sometimes.

Flounces are not so deep as formerly, the fashion being to show part of the plain underskirt below the overskirt.

The wide white belts have almost vanished from street costumes. They were ugly enough to be long remembered.

A novel absurdity is the hand-painted lace that is seen in late importations. It is in both black and white web, and is delicately tinted by hand painting.

Old-fashioned sateen is seen in many of the lately imported costumes; but it will not find much favor here as it is neither very handsome nor durable.

Russia leather belts ornamented with brocaded silk, having solid silver clasps, are the latest importation. They are certainly much prettier than the horse articles worn this last summer.

The newest freak in the manufacture of artificial flowers is the introduction of a few velvet leaves into large silk roses. Sometimes these leaves are of the same color as the other petals, and sometimes they are of a contrasting tint.

Black cashmere costumes for common wear will be trimmed with colored cashmere this winter, or else with black embroidery in openwork designs. The underskirt will be composed of cashmere only and the trimming will appear on the polonaise.

Husbands.

A clergyman, a few solemn words, prayer, a blessing, and behold husbands those crowning joys or fatal curses of women, those potentates of the fair ones, claiming some absolute sway, others wishing to gently guide; those superior beings, charming addition to houses, beautiful adornments of homes (when not enticed away by Miss *Polly Tics!*) hardy plants that, if well cared for, will thrive in any clime, provided the soil be love, and though oftimes reputed to be wild are susceptible of kindness and seldom attempt to escape from the cages of matrimony that are encircled by the wires of affection.

Husbands have peculiarities to be sure; little faults, though these little faults are not always visible unless viewed through the microscope of suspicion, requiring the angels of forbearance in the guise of wives to minister to them. They possess sufficient vanity to preserve their full state of inflation, are wise diplomats in their families, usually striving to maintain peace therein, while sly they will be (if they can) and stories they do tell (when they can.) Yet despite all, these creatures are, many of them, kind, devoted and tender, sought after and desired by damsels (though none so wonderful that feminines need pine for the lack of them) beloved partners through earth's pilgrimage, serving as broad wings under which may nestle life's brood of troubles. Yes, surely husbands are invaluable, if indeed there be no mortgages of old loves attached to them! and wise are they who, being in complete possession of these dear mortals, seek to retain them by loving them, cherishing them and forever twinkling in their hearts as do the stars in the firmament above. CARRIE RAMIREZ.

Importance of Cleansing Beds and Pillows.

Two little children were almost simultaneously attacked with canker rash in its worst form. There had been no cases in the vicinity for years, and they had been kept entirely at home for the whole winter, so there was no possibility of their having taken the disease from any outside exposure to contagion. It was a mysterious Providence, the clergyman said, when he was called to perform the burial service. Afterward it was ascertained that the mother had bought a feather bed of a peddler a few weeks before and used it on the trundle-bed for her little ones to make them a comfortable nest for the cold weather. Upon further investigation it was discovered that the peddler had bought it at a house some twenty-five miles away, and that two children had been sick and died of scarlatina upon the same bed the year before. The bed had been laid away in an open chamber till the family sold out their place to move away, and they sold the bed to a traveling pedder for a trifling sum, thus distributing sickness and death through a distant town, for the disease spread in every direction and became a regular epidemic. Had that bed immediately after the death of the first children, been washed thoroughly and soaked in water with either a little carbolic acid or spirits of ammonia added to it, and then dried in the sun, it would have been safe to be used by any one; but, as it was, it carried grief and desolation into many households. Of course, it was not a premeditated wrong; it was a case of ignorance or carelessness.

Diphtheria has been conveyed by using beds in the same manner, and, if individuals would only consider for a minute how much suffering might be prevented, they would be more careful. There is never an effect without a cause, but perhaps the cause may not be discovered till too late to prevent the evil. It is very little labor to cleanse pillows and beds, if done in a proper manner, and common sense will show that it is advisable to have it done often, even if no sick person has lain upon them. A day's exposure to the hot sun—turning over and shaking them up often—is a great benefit, and makes them sweeter as well as lighter. An occasional washing is a sure purifier. Carbolic acid is a powerful disinfectant, and it sweetens beds which will accumulate a disagreeable odor if not thoroughly cleansed and aired. Pillows can be washed without ripping so that they will be delightfully renovated. Use scalding suds in a washtub to soak them well, and then pass through rinsing waters till the water is not colored at all. This is all that is required unless they really smell badly. In that case, either carbolic acid or spirits of ammonia should be added to the rinsing water. Let them drain well and then hang them where they will ge air and sunshine.—*Country Gentleman*

United States Pensions.

Since the passage of the arrears of pensions act fifty thousand rejected claims have been presented again to the Commissioner of Pensions. These, with the number of unsettled claims now before the bureau, swell the total number to more than one hundred and eighty thousand. The number of claims received each week since the passage of the act referred to, average twenty-five hundred, which is double the number that the bureau can consider in the present system of doing business. The commissioner receives about twenty-two hundred letters daily from inquiring pensioners, and over twelve hundred letters sent out daily in reply. The pensioners now on the roll number about one hundred and thirty-five thousand, the list having been increased more than ten thousand during the year by the settlement of claims of pensions of the war of 1812. Commissioner Bentley has a plan to radically change the present system of paying pensions. It is to divide the United States into districts, which shall be under the control of a commission consisting of a surgeon and a skilled pension clerk, the duties of whom shall be to attend at the principal places in the district and hear evidences in application for pensions. An ingenious system of blanks has been suggested for communicating with the central office. The benefits of this plan would be to subject old claims to a more rigid examination, and to protect the government, and the pension fund against fraduient and unmeritorious claims, and at the same time to greatly reduce the cost of the payment of pensions. The first pension law of which there is any knowledge in England was the act of 1592, which authorized the payment of a weekly sum from every parish for the relief of the sick, hurt or maimed soilders or marines. Commissioner Bently goes back to the original principle, and relegates the question of the right to pensions to the people of the parish. The witnesses should all be neighbors of the claimants.—*Steubenville (Ohio) Herald.*

N. R. G. are the most forcible letters in the alphabet when combined thusly. —*New York News.*

An Arkansas Romance.

Mr. J. M. Halsett, of Pike county, gives us the facts of a very interesting "auld lang syne" affair, with a sentimental terminus of recent date. Just about the time that war was declared with Mexico, a young man named Henry Lauring, and a young neighboring lady, Miss Vena Waldron, became engaged. When the trumpet of war sounded, young, fiery, impetuous Lauring, conceiving it to be a duty owed to his country, bade his affianced good-bye, and became a soldier. They were devoted to each other, and when the young man left the young lady vowed that she would never marry if he did not return. After the fall of the City of Mexico, a man named Ralph Mitchell approached Lauring and stated that he had left Pike county subsequent to Lauring's departure, and that Miss Waldron had died a few days before his departure. The young soldier was desperate, and when the troops, "came home with glad and gallant tread," he was not with them. Having, in a moment, been transformed from an ardent soldier to a reckless man, he left the army, and embarking went to Cuba. From there he went to Spain, to Austria, Prussia and to France. When the late Franco-Prussian war broke out he entered the French ranks, and at Metz was almost fatally wounded. When he recovered the war was over, and remaining in France until the Russian war with Turkey he repaired to Russia and joined the army though an old man. With a detachment of troops, while attempting to cross the Danube, he was shot through the lungs. For a long time he languished in a hospital and finally recovered. After the Mexican war, and when Ralph Mitchell returned to Pike county, he called on Miss Waldron, sympathetically told her that her lover, Lauring, was dead, that he stayed from the camp one night and was killed by a band of scouts. The girl fell speechless to the floor. When she regained consciousness a high fever sprang up, and for months she tossed on a bed, caring nothing for her surroundings, and dreading recovery worse than death. After a long illness she recovered. Mitchell, who was very attentive to her in her sickness, called frequently in her convalescence. One night Mitchell told her of his devotion. "We have known each other from childhood," he said; "we have lived as neighbors. You know me; my father and mother. I love you with a depth only known to a burning soul. Will you be my wife?" "Mr. Mitchell," the girl replied, "I respect you highly, but I am engaged to another." "But he is dead." "The engagement is not." "It will be consummated in heaven." "Is there no appeal from your decision?" "None." "Then I will tantalize you the more. Lauring is not dead. My love for you caused me to deceive him. I told him that you were dead, and with despair he left the army. I did this through love." Another long illness followed this. When a strong constitution again came to the rescue of a life, Mitchell had married a neighboring girl. Years went on, as years inevitably do. The girl's father and mother sank beneath the clay. The girl lived with her brother. The civil war came on. The girl's brother's children grew up and married. Not the girl, for she had survived ten years. In a small house they lived. There were vines in the yard, and among them the once beautiful woman sat and mused. Summer and winter came and went. The love-killed woman had read every book in the neighborhood. The birds sang, and the rabitt sprang from his damp, snow-sprinkled bed. But old songs and old memories still swept the harp-strings of a heart once young and ardent. One evening last week Miss Waldron sat among the vines in the yard. Her brother was gone to the mill. An old man, with long beard and with tottering walk, stopped at the gate and asked if Mr. Waldron lived there. Miss Waldron invited him in. He approached, and when he had reached the vine-covered porch, sank down on a chair. There Miss Waldron had vacated, and buried his face in his wrinkled hands. "Old gentleman," Miss Waldron said, "can I do anything for you? You look so weary." "That voice!" the man exclaimed. "Vena, don't you know me? Henry has—". A shriek, and the old man stooped and lifted the form of an old woman from the floor. When the brother had returned a couple of old lovers were sleeping into the beautiful peace of night. The party walked along the road, each hand clasped within the other. Opening a gate they turned into an inclosure. They stopped at a mound. "Bend over, Henry, and see if you can read the inscription." Henry leaned over, and straightened up, said: "It is the grave of Ralph Mitchell." In a little log church not far away a pleased minister pronounced Henry and Vena man and wife. Nature says that their lives will continue but a few years longer; true sentiment says the few years will be happy ones.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

A Girl Thrown into a Well.

Mr. Jacob Fike, a wealthy farmer, lives on what is know as the Barker farm, ten miles north of Marietta, Ohio, on the Ohio river. His house is a large brick structure, well calculated to attract the attention of tramps and idlers. One afternoon recently Mr. Fike and his wife came to Marietta, leaving their daughter Mary, aged sixteen, at home alone, her two brothers being at work in a distant field. About three o'clock P. M. Miss Fike went to the well for a bucket of water. The well is under the roof of a side porch to the house, and just as the young lady stepped out of the door two tramps accosted her and asked her for something to eat.

She was alarmed at the rough manner of the request, but with great cooliness told them she had no time to wait on them. She then proceeded to lower the bucket into the well. One of the men grasped the lady by the arm and in a threatening manner said they would have something to eat or she would suffer for it. Now thoroughly alarmed the poor girl struggled to get free, but the rascal said something to his confederate and each one grasping her by an arm and her dress, they crowded her through the box of the well and down through the opening into the darkness, and then fled with all haste.

In her extremity the victim grasped the rope, and there being some twenty-five feet yet on the windlass, this ran rapidly off and with a sudden jerk left suspended twenty-five feet from the top and thirty-five feet above the water. The sudden jerk of the rope, while it almost tore the girl's arms off, probably saved her life, for by some strange twist it threw one or two coils of the rope around her ankle, and this enabled her to relieve the terrible strain on her arms until she could find a toothold in the wall. In this terrible position the brave girl stood for one hour and fifteen minutes, not daring to cry out at first for fear her would-be murderers would know that she was still alive and finish their fiendish work.

At last she heard the joyful sounds of the barking of her favorite dog as he accompanied her brothers home from the field, and she called loudly for help. After some little delay a rope was lowered with a noose knot, into which Miss Fike willingly sank, and she was drawn to the surface.

Ups and Downs in Life.

We have in our mind, says an exchange, a brilliant and cultivated young lawyer who started in life with twenty thousand dollars and a refined, beautiful and accomplished wife. He is now a sort of tactotum in a carpet manufactory, running hither and thither at the beck and call of those whom he secretly despises, doing heavy tasks far beyond his strength, yet eager and anxious to please, lest the slender support which he derives from his menial work be cut off. We know a gentleman who was a bank president ten years ago and owned his carriage, who now does copying in an insurance office at thirty-five dollars a month, supporting—God knows how—a wife and five children on it. We know of a gentleman who once held a high office in a Western State, who solicited work at cleaning out offices and building fires. Nor have the changed times less bitterly affected woman. Jennie Collins, of Boston, famed for her employment bureau and workingmen's home, says in her last report: "Many kind ladies who hired their servants of me in the past years, have been obliged to apply for employment themselves of late. I sent a lady to a hotel—as a housekeeper, and the most humiliating part of it was, that her room was in the attic with two of her former servants." We are constantly learning of women of education and refinement, formerly wealthy, who are engaged as seamstresses, nurses and housekeepers; and in one case we even know of a lady, who would be at home in any parlor in the land among educated people, who served as a cook in a hotel for months.

The Bumble Bee.

Children did you ever stop to consider the immense power possessed by a bumble-bee? An insect weighing no more than the eighth of an ounce is capable of "raising" a man weighing 220 pounds from a bench in the public park, and then having lots of lifting material left. Just stop and think of it! The stinger of a bee is not near as large as the finest needle, but such is the force behind it that it can be driven through heavy pants-cloth and into the flesh about sixteen feet. If a man could wield a crowbar in comparison he could drive it through seven saw-mills at one blow. Nature could not give the bee teeth and claws without spoiling his beauty, and to compensate she gave him this stinger as a weapon of attack and defence. If the bee had no weapon, ants, beetles and bugs would cuff him around as they pleased, but as it is he is boss of the walk, and won't take a word from any of them.

The bumble-bee is not naturally of a quarrelsome disposition, but he can't be sat down on over half an hour without feeling as if some one was doing him a great wrong. If left to himself he will crawl up your coat-sleeve, look around, and crawl down and go about his business, but if welcomed with a blow between the eyes he is going to be revenged if it breaks a leg. Heinvariably closes his eyes when he stings, and you have only to look a bee square in the face to discover when he is fooling around and when he means fourteen per teen per annum.

The hay field is a favorite resort of the bumble-bee, but you can find him almost anywhere else if you try hard. Having no pair of long hind legs, he cannot build his nest in a marsh, like the frog, and having no beak in which to carry straws he cannot nest in a tree like a bird. He therefore takes to the grass, and under the roots of an old stump, or amidst a pile of old rails, he rears his gentle young and gives them printed instructions as to the difference between stinging six-inch stovepipe and manners. This knowledge of old bees is wonderful. They know where the school-house is. They know when school is out. They can sail miles away from home, get in their work on a farmer's son weeding out corn, and return home without missing a fence corner or in need of an afternoon nap. As a rule they are early risers. Barefooted boys driving up the cows at daylight will find the bumble bee out of bed and quite ready to begin the arduous labors of the day. Along about sundown he quits work, counts noses to see if the family are all in and then stows himself away for a night of calm and peaceful repose.

The legs of a bumble-bee are very crooked. This seems too bad at first, but you will soon discover that nature was level-headed. His legs were thus shaped to enable him to hang to the brim of a boy's straw hat. Were his legs straight he could not walk a fence-rail in a high wind, nor could he turn around after reaching the top of a pin-stick. The stripes on a bee look like a waste of material, but such is not the case. They furnish an extra covering over his ribs to keep the frosty air off, and they serve to stiffen his spinal column in his flights through the air.

A bumble-bee can fly at the rate of twenty miles an hour, if he wants to, but there is no cause for him to fly any faster than a boy can run. In sometimes lives to be three years old, and is sometimes stricken down before he has traveled at all. His life is a precarious one. He may run a deacon out of a hay field to-day, and be the big bee of the nest, and to-morrow a country school ma'am may knock his head off with her umbrella. Nothing in natural history weighs more for his size than the bee, and nothing in science works easier without cog-wheels or rubber rollers, than his stinger. It is always ready, never out of repair, and satisfaction (to the bee) is guaranteed in every case.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wonders of New Zealand.

A lady correspondent, writing from Auckland, New Zealand, says:

We have boiling springs, or "geysers," which, if once seen, the geysers of Iceland will ever after seem like the ebullitions of a refractory teapot; and vast springs of oil and asphaltum, or tar, more extensive than any others in the world. There are here more gigantic than those of California. All this added to a glorious semi-tropical climate, wide stretches of amazingly fertile soil, vast herds of cattle, sheep and horses, grazing the entire year on the nutritious English grasses; lovely cities springing up around the picturesque harbors; mountains of ore of every precious and useful metal; more coal than Great Britain, with the most perfect of free governments, it would seem that there is nothing more to be wished for.

If I could only picture to you the wonders of this strange country it would seem like a tale of fairy land. There is no native tree or shrub in all these islands that is not an evergreen, still there are none of our evergreens of America, no cedars or pines or spruce, no maples or beeches or birches; but the boys must not rejoice over the absence of the latter as we have trees provoking theevilest little switches ever you saw, and not so merciful as the proverbial birch as it is almost impossible to break them. One feels at first as if in the moon or some remote planet on the first walk out to look at the nature of New Zealand.

There is an endless variety of trees and plants and flowers, but not one that you ever saw or even heard of before with names and forms most queer and grotesque. There are no snakes or reptiles of any kind, and none of the insects that I ever saw before; there are no wild animals except a little rat (it might be called a large wood mouse). No fowl larger than a wood hen, and all the birds are entirely new to me. I will not mention the names this time, but shall go into natural history at some future time.

The British settlers are introducing all the wild and domestic animals of Europe and America, and without exception they all thrive. In a few years we may expect to see the forest stocked with all the game of other countries, with none of the dangerous or troublesome animals, reptiles or insects.

I saw a number of men digging in a barren spot of ground a few days since, and, on investigating, I found that they were digging for "*kauri gum*," which is found several feet below the surface in large masses more than a man could lift. The substance looked (when broken off) a little like resin, and how it came buried in the earth was a mystery to me, but my companion, who is a young lady, "to the manner born," told me all about it. Ages ago this barren land was covered with kauri trees, and a kind of borer attacked the roots of the trees, making incisions through which the gum exuded (as the turpentine does from the pine tree), and it forced its way into cavities formed by insects or small animals in the soil and there became hard; the trees died, and the species is nearly extinct at present. Where these kauri forests stood the land became barren, and no other trees grow; so now, after a thousand years or more, the emigrants make a good living digging this wonderful kauri gum; its almost indestructible character makes it exceedingly valuable.

Grapevines in Pots.

Speaking on the culture of grapevines in pots as practiced in England and other European countries, the *Rural New Yorker* says: "In this country grape culture in pots is still in its infancy; but as a healthy, well-trained plant is a combination of both the ornamental and the useful, anybody who has the requisite facilities will be well repaid for the extra trouble this culture may occasion. The plants can be most easily grown from cuttings or single buds, which should be set in small pots in March, and if placed in a green-house or hot-bed and given proper attention, nearly all will take root. Larger pots should be given as the growth of the plants may require. Well-grown specimens may bear fruit the second year. The vines can also be raised from seeds, and thus, perhaps, give rise to new and valuable varieties. The present is a good time to plant seeds of grapes for cultivation in pots. If planted as soon as taken from the grapes, many will germinate in three or four weeks. Sow the seeds in boxes, and of the young plants select only the strongest, which should be transferred to small pots, and trained to a stake. By pinching back, careful training, and repotting into larger pots and richer soil, when necessary, we may in three years be rewarded by a beautiful plant loaded with fruit."

Scarcely has the warm breath of summer died away, when coughs and colds, those avant couriers of dangerous disease, show themselves. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup always cures them, and most quickly too.

NAMES OF STATES.

Their Origin—From whence Derived.

Maine was so called as early as 1623, from Maine, in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor. Popular name, the Lumber or Pine Tree State.

New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Captain John Mason, by patent, Nov. 7, 1629, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England. Popular name, the Granite State.

Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their declaration of independence, Jan. 16, 1777, from the French *verd mont*, the green mountains. Popular name, the Green Mountain State.

Massachusetts was so called from the Massachusetts tribe of Indians, in the neighborhood of Boston. The tribe is thought to have derived its name from the Blue Hills of Miton. "I have learnt," said Roger Williams, "that the Massachusetts were so called from the Blue Hills." Popular name, the Bay State.

Rhode Island was so called in 1664, in reference to the Island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean. Popular name, Little Rhody.

Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river. Connecticut is a Mocheakannew word, signifying long river. Popular name, the Nutmeg or Free Stone State.

New York was so called in 1664, in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted by the King of England. Popular name, the Empire or Excelsior State.

New Jersey was so called in 1664, from the Island of Jersey, on the coast of France, the residence of Sir George Carteret, to whom the territory was granted.

Pennsylvania was so called in 1681, after William Penn. Popular name, the Keystone State.

Delaware was so called in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord de la Ware, who died in this bay. Popular name, the Blue Hen or Diamond State.

Maryland was called in honor of Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I., in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632.

Virginia was so called in 1584, after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England. Popular name, the Old Dominion or Mother of Presidents.

Carolina was so called by the French in 1564, in honor of King Charles IX., of France. Popular name of South Carolina, the Palmetto State; of North Carolina, the Old North or Turpentine State.

Georgia was so called in 1732, in honor of King George II.

Alabama was so called in 1814, from its principal river, meaning "here we rest."

Mississippi was so called in 1800, from its western boundary. Mississippi is said to denote the whole river, i. e., the river formed by the union of many. Popular name, the Bayou State.

Louisiana was so called in honor of Louis XIV. of France. Popular name, the Creole State.

Tennessee was so called in 1796, from it principal river. The word Ten-as-se is said to signify a carved spoon. Popular name, the Big Bend State.

Kentucky was so called in 1792, from its principal river. Popular name, the State of the Dark and Bloody Ground.

Illinois was so called in 1809, from its principal river. The word is said to signify "the river of men." Popular name, the Sucker or Prairie State.

Indiana was so called in 1809, from the American Indians. Popular name, the Hoosier State.

Ohio was so called in 1802, from its southern boundary. The Buckeye State. Meaning of the Indian word Ohio, "beautiful."

Missouri was so called in 1821, from its principal river. Indian name, meaning "muddy water."

Michigan was so called in 1805, from the lake on its border. Indian name, meaning "a wier for fish." Popular name, the Wolverine State.

Arkansas was so called in 1812, from its principal river. Indian name. Popular name, the Bear State.

Florida was so called by Juan Ponce de Leon in 1572, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday. Spanish, *Pascua Florida*.

Wisconsin was so called from its principal river. Indian name, meaning "wild rushing river."

Iowa was so called from its principal river. Indian name, meaning "the sleepy ones." Popular name, Hawkeye State.

Minnesota is also an Indian word, meaning "the turbid water."

California, a Spanish word, and named from an arm of the Pacific ocean. Popular name, the Golden State.

Texas, a Spanish word, applied to the republic. Popular name, the Lone Star State.

Kansas is an Indian name, meaning "the smoky water."

West Virginia; so called after Virginia.

Nevada is a Spanish word, meaning "white with snow."

Jokes from Harper's "Drawer."

This shocking specimen of discourtesy occurred recently in North Adams, one of the leading manufacturing towns in Massachusetts. A colporteur entered one of the manufactories, and asked the gentleman who seemed to be the head man of the concern, "May I leave some tracts?"

"Certainly," replied the old gentleman; "but please to leave them with the heels toward the door."

The Drawer has the honor to present to the lovers of excessive humor the following, which is the twenty-first anecdote in Taylor's *Wit and Mirth*, edited by Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt:

A country fellow, who had not walked much in streets that were paved, came to London, where a dog came suddenly out of a house, and furiously ran out at him. The fellow stooped to take up a stone to cast at the dog, and finding them all fast rammed or paved in the ground, quoth he: "What a strange country am I in, where the people tie up the stones and let the dog loose!"

This comes to us as a fresh anecdote of Father Taylor, the famous sailor-preacher of Boston. At one of his prayer-meetings an opulent merchant came in to honor the meeting. He spoke a few words extolling the kindness of the Boston people in aiding Mr. Taylor to build his chapel, and their consideration of poor sailors. As soon as the great man had finished, Mr. Taylor quietly asked: "Is there any other old sinner from up town who would like to say a word before we go on with the meeting?" No other old sinner responded.

The following pleasant thing in the way of definition occurred a few days since in one of the public schools of a city in Massachusetts. A member of the committee, Captain ——, was visiting the school, and the class having read from Webster's address at Plymouth, the captain asked the class, "Who was Webster?"

One boy said "a statesman," another "an orator."

"But what is a statesman?" asked the captain.

"A man who goes around making speeches," answered a boy.

"That is not quite right," replied the captain; "I go around sometimes making speeches, but I am not a statesman."

A bright little fellow spoke up: "I know. It is a man who goes around making good speeches."

Hidden Hurts.

Many a babe gets a wrench from loving hands that might account for the sudden attack of spasms the day after, or for hours of fretfulness that no coaxing seems to soothe and no medicine appears to reach. Falls from little perambulators while in charge of nurses, though they leave no outward and visible sign in the shape of cuts or bruises, may have inflicted something worse by far than cuts or bruises would have proven to be. Cases have occurred frequently where infants have had falls of which nurses have not told, and no thought from which were visible to the eye, but which made the child unaccountably fretful for weeks, until curvature of the spine told its frightful story. For this reason mothers cannot be too careful in handling their little ones and looking after them personally, rather than trusting so much to hired nurses. A child is a tender thing, and a hurt which leaves no surface scar may have laid the foundation of an early death or future deformity.

One hundred and thirty persons are employed at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to wait on the girls and attend to the estate.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

Henry L. Gunn was arrested in Boston for having murdered his father in Bridgewater, Mass., last month, and confessed the crime. He said that his father had scolded him and then knocked him down, and that, being wild with rage, he had procured a hatchet and killed the old man.

Considerable damage has been done by forest fires in Western Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

The rowing match between Hanlan and Courtney, on Lake Chautauqua, N. Y., for a purse of $6,000, turned out a dreary farce, although the money was won by Hanlan. Everything promised well for a good race between the two champions, and thousands had gathered at the course to see them row; but on the night previous to the race some one entered Courtney's boat-house and sawed through his two boats. Mr. Blaikie, the referee, called upon Courtney to row in his trainer's boat or in one of Hanlan's boats, but this Courtney refused to do, and wanted the race postponed. When the time for the race arrived Hanlan rowed over the course alone, making the five miles in thirty-three minutes and fifty-six seconds—which is the best time on record. Courtney made a long statement, in which he says he would stake his life that none of his men sawed the boats, and charges Hanlan's backers with attempting to induce him (Courtney) to sell out the race, offering him the full amount of the prize and a division of the pool money if he would agree to let Hanlan win. After that proposition was made, Courtney says, he was approached by two other men, who offered him $10,000 or one-half the proceeds of the pools to lose the race, to which he replied there was not enough money in America to get him to lose the race if he could win. Ward, Hanlan's backer, denies Courtney's charges, and asserts that Courtney's backer had said that if he (Courtney) was not allowed to win the race he would play sick or break his boats.

The cremation of the remains of the late Dr. Le Moyne has been successfully accomplished at Washington, Pa. At nine o'clock in the morning the friends and relatives of the deceased assembled at his late residence, when a number of selections from the Scriptures were read, and a prayer was offered by Dr. Hays. The body was then removed to a hearse, and immediately taken to the crematory, followed by carriages containing relatives and friends. All persons except relatives and those in charge of the furnace remained outside the building. At half-past two the body was pushed into the glowing furnace and the doors closed. Owing to the fact that the firemen were inexperienced the heat was considerably below what it should have been, and the cremation was not completed until after four o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the retort was closed up, to remain closed for the next two days. If cool enough then it was to be opened and the ashes placed in an urn that was provided by the family for that purpose.

Judd Mann, the engineer, and James McGuire, the fireman of an express train that ran into a freight train at Oneonta, N. Y., were killed and both locomotives badly damaged.

William R. Whittingham, D.D., LL.D., Protestant Episcopal bishop of Maryland, died at his summer residence in Orange, N. J., a few days since, aged seventy-four years.

The destruction by fire of a six-story brick building in New York, used as a storehouse for grain, entailed a loss exceeding $100,000.

Eighty thousand brick have found a resting place on the bottom of the Hudson. The schooner Catskill, containing that amount of brick, was run into at night off Newburg by the steamer St. John and sunk.

The assembly of governors to arrange the details of the centennial anniversary of the surrender of the English army at Yorktown met for organization in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, a few days ago. Governors Andrews, of Connecticut; Holliday, of Virginia; Hoyt, of Pennsylvania; Simpson, of South Carolina; Jarvis, of North Carolina; Hall, of Delaware; Carroll, of Maryland, and Colonel Lincoln, representing Governor Talbot, of Massachusetts, were present. Governor Holliday was chosen president of the meeting, and Colonel Lincoln, secretary. There was speaking by Mayor Stickley, Governors Carroll, Hoyt, Holliday, Hall, Jarvis and Simpson. A committee consisting of Governor Hoyt, Simpson and Holliday reported resolutions commending the celebration and advising the appointment of a committee of arrangements, of one from each State, to be selected by governors thereof and to be presided over by Governor Holliday.

The eighty-four hour walking match in New York, in which the contestants walked or ran fourteen hours each day for six days, was poorly attended. Fitzgerald came in first with a score of 577 miles and took first prize of $1,200; Colston made 570 miles and won $600; Campana, 563 miles, $400; Vint, 550 miles, $300, and Waters 533 miles, $200.

At Saratoga, N. Y., the second trial of Jesse Billings, charged with murdering his wife, was postponed by mutual consent until the first Tuesday in January, 1880. Billings was readmitted to bail in the sum of $30,000.

James H. Riley, of Saratoga, defeated Wallace Ross, of St. John, N. B., in a three-mile sculling race at Norwalk, Conn.

Western and Southern States.

The State elections in Ohio and Iowa have resulted in the success of the Republican candidates. In Ohio Foster's majority for Governor is estimated to be between 15,000 and 20,000, and in Iowa Gear is re-elected Governor by about 30,000 majority. In Ohio the Republicans will have a legislative majority of about thirteen on joint ballot, which assures the election of a Republican successor to Senator Thurman.

Near Mendocino, Cal., a sheriff's posse in search of cattle thieves were fired on from a bush by outlaws. Thomas Kollard was killed, Volunteer Wright fatally injured and others slightly wounded.

A dispatch from Silver City, New Mexico, says that the Indians have been committing terrible depredations in the Rio Grande valley. The hostiles have been killing the whites right and left. The town of Colorado was besieged by Indians for several days. A volunteer company of thirty men, under Captain C. Crouch, went from Mesilla and Cruices to its aid. They met 100 Indians near Colorado, eighteen miles from Slocum's ranch, on the side of the road. Owing to the fact that the firemen were inexperienced the heat was considerably below what it should have been, and the cremation was not completed until after four o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the retort was closed up, to remain closed for the next two days. If cool enough then it was to be opened and the ashes placed in an urn that was provided by the family for that purpose.

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General Merritt's troops operating against the Colorado Utes have been ordered to return to their proper stations, leaving at the White River agency only a sufficient number of men to guard the government property. This action was taken to prevent the troops from being snowed up in the heart of the mountains. A force will be concentrated at some point in the Southern Ute reservation, to conduct operations against that tribe should they fail to deliver up the individuals engaged in the killing of Major Thornburgh. Regarding the feeling among the people of Colorado, Inspector W. J. Pollock telegraphs to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs from Denver, Colo., as follows: "The Governor and leading citizens here unanimously affirm that the Indians must be removed from the State, or exterminated by the State if not by Federal force. Confidence, they say, can never be restored, and it is only a question whether the result shall be attained at once or by slow and tedious warfare."

The official returns of the California election show that the vote on Chinese emigration was: In favor of it, 883, and against it, 154,638.

Many valuable blooded horses were burned to death in a fire which destroyed a large barn and outbuilding near Springdale, Ohio.

Clark Smith, age fifty-five years, an inmate of the jail at Cumberland, Md., while trying to swallow a large piece of meat at dinner was choked to death.

On a recent evening the new bridge of the Sandy Creek Valley railroad over Big Walnut creek, in Ohio, fell with a terrible crash into the water. Eight workmen were on the bridge, but were only slightly injured.

Rev. Joseph Ferrar, pastor of a colored Baptist church in Richmond, Va., dropped dead of heart disease while officiating at a funeral.

A package of papers that had been dropped from the lost balloon Pathfinder on the shores of Lake Michigan has been found at Lake Station, Ind., a few miles from Chicago. The package contained printed circulars with the inscription, "Thrown from Professor Wise's trans-continental balloon Pathfinder." It is now believed to be certain that the air-ship, with its two occupants, were lost in Lake Michigan.

William Hogg, one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of Bloomington, Ill., shot his daughter Mary, aged eighteen, and his son William, aged twelve. Having finished the job he then finished he put the pistol to his own head and fired. The father and daughter were fatally wounded, but the son is likely to recover. Hogg was always considered eccentric, and recently had been unfortunate in business speculations.

From Washington.

A statement of the operations of the Patent Office during the last fiscal year shows that during the twelve months ended June 30 last, 19,360 applications for patents were received, 2,674 caveats were filed, 12,471 patents were issued, and 1,547 trade marks and labels registered. There were 828 patents granted but withheld for payment of final fees. The total receipts of the office were $703,146, being $154,495 in excess of its total expenditures.

General Francis A. Walker, superintendent of the census, with a view to securing greater accuracy and uniformity in the agricultural statistics for the tenth census, has just issued a circular setting forth the aims and wishes of the bureau with regard to the method of arranging such statistics. The census enumeration will begin June 1, 1880, and end on or before June 30, 1880, and all persons engaged in agriculture are desired to make notes from time to time of the quantities and values of their several crops gathered, and the number of acres of land planted, in order that the statements, when made to the enumerators, may be of the highest possible value.

The forthcoming annual report of the Paymaster-General of the Army for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1879, will say that the receipts of the Department were $15,358,000, of which amount $12,700,000 were disbursed, $800,000 have been deposited, and the balance, $1,858,000 is on hand.

Foreign News.

At a conference of delegates representing 140,000 miners, held in Leeds, England, a resolution was